



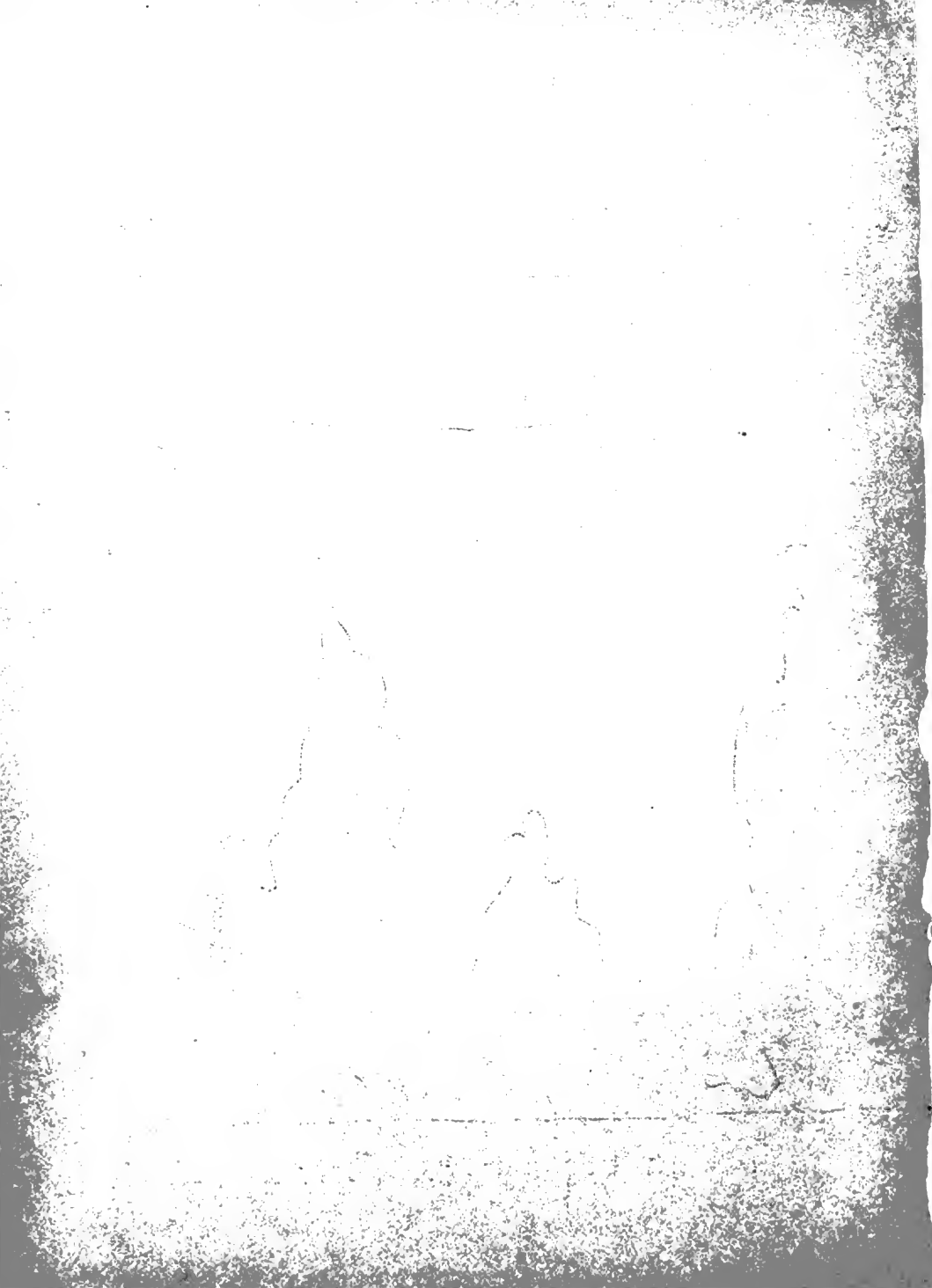


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MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

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The library and the alumnae of Mary
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June, 1940.

KM





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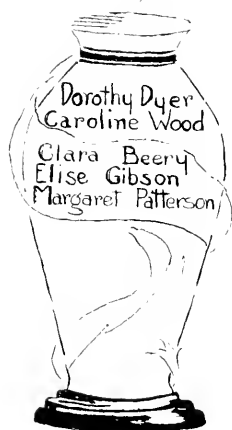
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PRINTED BOOK

for

Dr. Marianna Parramore Higgins

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The
Bluestocking





Thou Wast Built of Dreams Mary Baldwin

The BLUESTOCKING

Published by The Junior Class

Mary Baldwin College



Staunton, Virginia

1926-1927

Volume IV



The BLUESTOCKING

Published by The Junior Class

Mary Baldwin College



Staunton, Virginia

1926-1927

Volume IV

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To

MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND,

the epitome of Mary Baldwin ideal womanhood,

who has been our inspiration and example,

in breadth of scholarship,

in gentleness of spirit,

in nobility of Christian character,

do we affectionately dedicate

THE BLUESTOCKING OF 1927



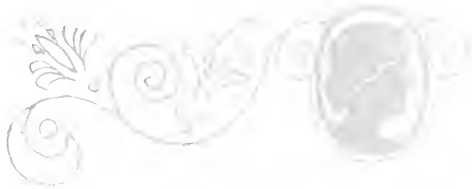
MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND

FOREWORD

Makers of Nations, Eternal Conquerors, are Dreamers. We live in a land a Dreamer founded.

Our achievements are decreed by our Dreams. Because of one man's dreams, cables bruise the ocean bed; because dreamers dreamt, voices from distant climes swell on ether waves; because of Dreamers' visions, the white columns of Mary Baldwin stand victorious.

To a portrayal of our legacy of golden dreams, and of the activities of the present dreamers, we are devoting this 1927 BLUESTOCKING with a hope that it may ever be a book of golden memories, an inspirational challenge to the 1927 seniors, and an auger for bright morrows for our Alma Mater.



ALMA MATER

KATHARINE SEE

LILLIAN IRELAND

Thou wast born of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,
Woman's dreams of love and true desire,
Conqueror dreams with passion's ardor glowing
Caught from Truth's undying pure white fire,
Born to live, to perish never,
To inspire to high endeavor,
To uphold that light forever,
Mary Baldwin!

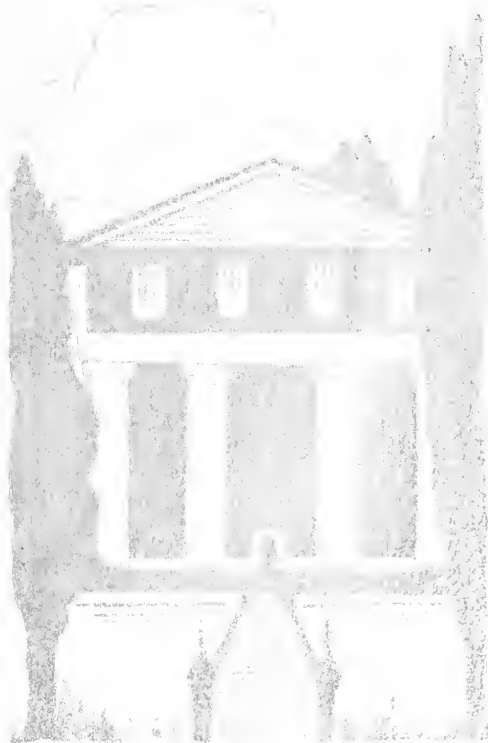
Thou wast built of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,
Dreams of faith, the dreams of early dawn,
Thou shalt live beyond time's farthest limit;
Dreams shall last when walls of stone are gone,
Born to live, to perish never,
To inspire to high endeavor,
To uphold that light forever,
Mary Baldwin!

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DREAM WORLD

*Silently, as if in a dream, the world
is passing by, and the world is passing by
—The Transcendentalist, 1840*



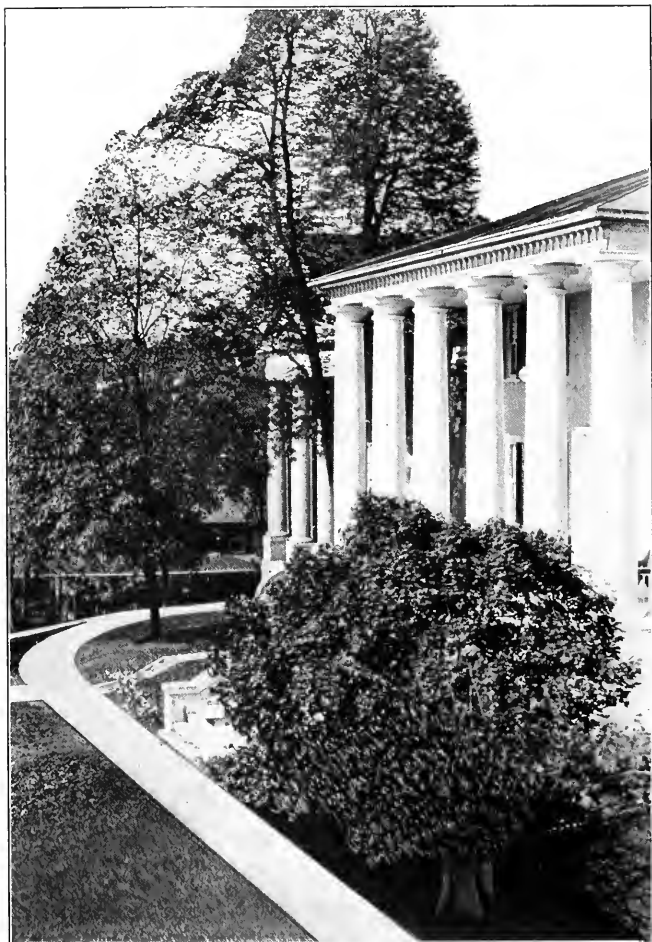




FRONT LAWN



FRONT ENTRANCE



UPPER TERRACE



HILLTOP FROM ACADEMIC PORCH

DREAM MOULDERS

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.

—Measure for Measure: SHARPEFALL







BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Left to right, seated: S. W. Somerville, Dr. M. P. Higgins, J. A. Fulton, Dr. A. M. Fraser, J. N. McFarland, C. M. East, W. W. King. Standing: Hon. J. W. H. Pilson, Hon. W. H. Landes, Dr. W. J. McMillan, Hon. H. J. Taylor, Hon. H. B. Sprout, D. G. Ruckman, Dr. R. B. Grinnan. Other members: Hon. J. M. Quarles, Hon. H. St. George Tucker, Dr. F. T. McFaden, Dr. W. E. Davis, Hon. R. F. Hutcheson, Dr. J. A. Burruss, H. W. Jackson.



REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D., L. L. D.



MARIANNA PARRAMORE HIGGINS, LITT. D.

Miss Ella Claire Weimar



Miss Ella Claire Weimar was born in Fauquier County, Virginia. At an early age she lost her parents and she and her sister were carefully reared by their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey Padgett, at their home, "Green View," in Fauquier County, Virginia. Thus her early life was spent in the country, and she ever retained her love for nature and all of its beauties.

Miss Weimar's first school days were spent in a private school in Warrenton, Virginia. This school was taught by a lady from Connecticut who was evidently a very unusual woman and one who offered advantages of scholarship and culture to the young girls of that community not

usually available in our Southern towns at that date. Later Miss Weimar studied at Mt. Washington, a school near Baltimore, Maryland.

Her early teaching was in Winchester, Virginia, and there the three Graham brothers, who became distinguished Presbyterian ministers, were among her students. Miss Weimar permitted no opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge to pass her by, and while teaching in Winchester, she studied Latin, Greek, and Mathematics under Dr. Nelson, who later became Professor of Mathematics at the University of Virginia. From Winchester she came to Augusta Female Seminary, now Mary Baldwin College, and here she taught History and English and at the same time pursued some courses of study. From 1883 to 1888 we find Miss Weimar in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, teaching History and assisting in executive work. From Tuscaloosa she was called to the University of Arkansas, and from there in 1889 she was invited back to Augusta Female Seminary to assist Miss Mary Julia Baldwin, the Principal, whose health was not good at that time. Mr. Waddell, in the *History of Mary Baldwin Seminary*, says: "In 1889 Miss Baldwin, finding the need of an Assistant Principal, obtained the services of Miss Ella C. Weimar, who continued to perform the duties of the office most efficiently during Miss Baldwin's life." These were trying years for the school, but Miss Weimar was always energetic and fearless in the discharge of her duty.

After Miss Baldwin's death, Miss Weimar was elected Principal *pro tem*. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held January 25, 1898, the Chairman spoke in terms of high praise of the administration of Miss Weimar and Mr. King. At a meeting of the Board July 1, 1898, Miss Weimar was nominated for the office of principal and the roll being called was unanimously elected to select teachers and

to have general control of the school, and Mr. King was elected Business Manager. Following Mr. Waddell's history to 1905, at which date these annals close, we find constant reference to Miss Weimar's successful management, but there are things in the life of a Principal of a boarding school which no historian can recount. Hers were long, weary days of hard work, continued activity, both mental and physical, and sleepless nights of anxiety, the constant reconciling of opposing elements, and the ever-pressing and earnest desire for the advancement of each individual student, and for the honored position of the school at large. Miss Weimar was most considerate of her teachers, and was ever ready to assist them, and would often at great sacrifice to her own personal comfort find ways to promote their interests. She continued in the office of Principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary until she resigned in January, 1916. Miss Marianna P. Higgins was elected by the Board of Trustees May 1, 1916, to succeed her.

Following her position as assistant Principal from 1889 to 1897, Miss Weimar's administration as Principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary continued from 1898 to 1916. The plant was enlarged, and many buildings erected during this period. The course of study was broadened and the organization strengthened. Just before she retired the Seminary was recognized by the Virginia State Board of Education as a Junior College. Her deep devotion to the Seminary and to its success, her unfaltering loyalty to it, her ambition for the advancement of the school, her strict adherence to duty, her grim determination to abolish evil if it existed and to substitute good, her sincere scholarship, her ability as a leader, all combined to make her administration result in a marked development of the Seminary. Miss Weimar's interest in the old girls and her pride in their success and achievements and her distress at any failure of theirs continued to the end of her life. She was frequently heard to say, "There is something different about the Mary Baldwin girls." After Miss Weimar retired, she returned to her own home, "Green View," near Warrenton, Virginia, and there she lived quietly until the end came December 28, 1926. She was the earnest student as well as teacher to the end. Some one who was close to her during her last years says, "I have known no one of her age so free from narrowness, so eager to grasp new ideas when beneficial and to apply them. She was keenly interested in public affairs with a progressive outlook on the rapidly changing history of the nations." She was particularly fond of History and Biography. Woodrow Wilson had no more earnest follower and admirer than Miss Weimar. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Warrenton, Virginia, and she was always most conscientious in the discharge of all church duties.

When a complete History of Mary Baldwin Seminary is compiled, Miss Weimar's name will hold an honored place on the roll of those who have contributed so largely to the rich heritage of Mary Baldwin College.

—MARIANNA P. HIGGINS.

Nora Blanding Fraser

1882-1927



Nora Blanding Fraser, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, was born near Lexington, Kentucky, April 21, 1882. When she was eleven years old her family moved to Staunton, where her father has been, since that time the beloved pastor of the First Presbyterian Church and is now President of Mary Baldwin College.

Three days after arriving in Staunton on March 13, 1893, Nora entered Augusta Female Seminary (now Mary Baldwin College) and remained there as a student until her graduation, in May, 1901. This was the fulfillment of a cherished dream of her parents, as they had remarked before they even thought of moving to Staunton, that they would rather have their daughter educated in this school than in any other of which they knew.

After graduating, Nora spent another year here, specializing in Latin, and then taught for three years at the Chatham Episcopal Institute.

She entered Cornell University in 1905, where in two years she received the A. B. degree, remaining one year longer for graduate work. It was here that she became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity.

In September, 1908, she accepted a position at Sweet Briar College, where she was, in reality, the head of the Latin Department for nine years. Then came a period of ill health which interrupted her work for almost two years.

When the Chair of History at Mary Baldwin Seminary was left vacant, in April, 1919, by the resignation of Miss Martha Kiddle she was elected to fill this position, and continued to teach history here for more than six years—until within three weeks of her death on January 4, 1927.

She was splendidly equipped as a teacher, and put her whole energy and strength into her profession. Being exceedingly conscientious she was fair and impartial, and her pupils were always sure of her sympathy and encouragement, when they had made an honest effort. She was devoted to her home, her friends, and her church, but her best efforts were given to Mary Baldwin, to which she was devotedly loyal.

She was a beautiful Christian character. Though frail in body she was strong in soul. Those who knew her best loved and admired her most for there was a quiet reserve and gentle dignity in her bearing, beyond which it was necessary to penetrate in order to realize fully the pure gold of her life.

There are problems and testings in all of our lives. Hers was no exception, but she "carried on" valiantly, and her bright smile lingers with us as a very happy memory.

—ELLEN C. BROWN, '94.



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THE FACULTY



THE FACULTY

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FLORA STUART, A. B., A. M.	Columbia University <i>English</i>
MYRTLE NEEKEK VOLKHARDT, A. B., A. M.	Columbia University L'Université de Paris <i>French</i>

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LUISE KATHERINE EISENBERG,	University Summer School, Charlottesville, Va. <i>Latin</i>
DOROTHY HAMMOND, A. B.	Wellesley College <i>Chemistry</i>
MADÉLINE D. LORCH, A. B.	Ecole Supérieure, Geneva, Switzerland, Barnard College <i>French and Italian</i>
BERTA NEWTON, A. B.	Converse College <i>English</i>
FANNIE BARTH STRAUSS,	University of Virginia <i>Latin</i>
MARGARET ELIZABETH TYNES, A. B.	Hollins College <i>Elementary Department</i>
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GERTRUDE ELLEN MEYER,	Reinhart School of Sculpture, Columbia University <i>Art</i>
LYDIA DODGE MORSE,	Normal Graduate of Boston Cooking School <i>Domestic Science</i>
PROF. W. R. SCHMIDT,	Royal Conservatory, Leipsic <i>Music</i>
NORMA SCHOOLAR,	Pupil of Mme. Garrigue Mott and Ohmstrom, Renard, N. Y. Hofkapellmeister Richard Lowe, Berlin <i>Voice</i>
MARY LOUISE ROBERTSON, B. S.	Columbia University <i>Physical Education and Hygiene</i>
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HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT

MISS LINA FULTZ,	<i>Housekeeper</i>
MISS LIZZIE ROBINSON,	<i>Assistant</i>



An Appreciation

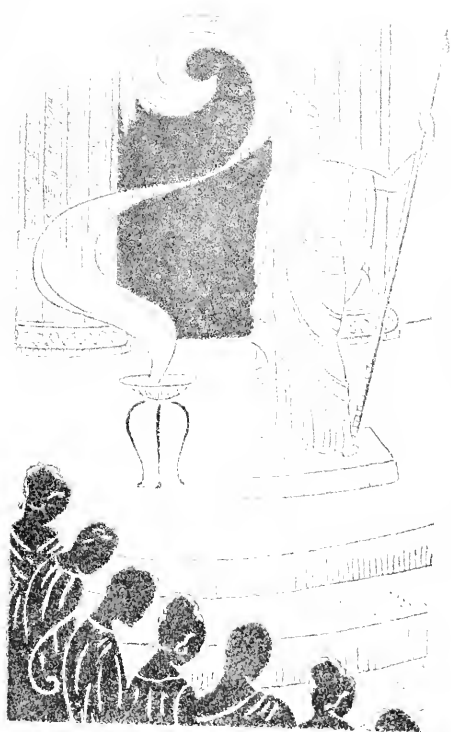
Miss Edith Latané, A. B., of Goucher, came to Mary Baldwin Seminary in the fall of 1914 to take charge of the Collegiate History and also to teach some classes in English. In 1916 she gave up the English classes and devoted her whole time to History and Psychology. She is a most versatile woman, and in 1923, when the Junior College was expanded into a Senior College, again Miss Latané's broad education and superior ability came into play, and she combined the teaching of Political Economy with History. In these various fields she was equally successful. In addition to her scholarly attainments as a distinguished teacher, she is a fine organizer, a good disciplinarian, and a consecrated Christian woman. She is fearless in standing for the right and always exerts a strong influence for the highest Christian standards. Miss Latané has a keen sense of humor, and many a girl will call to mind Miss Latané's sudden flashes of wit and humor. The girls will also remember her quick sympathy, her ready understanding of difficulties, and her friendly eagerness to help them at all times.

In March, 1926, on account of her health, Miss Latané resigned her position as Head of The History Department at Mary Baldwin College. To our disappointment Miss Latané has decided to take up executive work. Now we find her Principal of St. Margaret's School, Tappahannock, Virginia. We congratulate the patrons and girls of St. Margaret's, but we are sorry to lose Miss Latané. We are sending our loving wishes for her happiness and success.

DREAMERS

Dream lofty dreams and as you dream, so shall you become.

—As a Man Thicket's words were said.





Dreamers of Yore

The dreamers are the saviors of the world.

As a Man Thinketh: JAMES ALLEN



Mrs. Margaret Kable Russell



Mrs. Thomas Halbert (Margaret Kable) Russell is the daughter of the late Captain William H. Kable, who in 1867 founded the Staunton Military Academy. She was a student at Mary Baldwin Seminary during the sessions 1897-1902, and her charming personality, her high character, and brilliant scholarship made her an outstanding graduate. She was Editor-in-Chief of *THE BLUESTOCKING* in 1902, and at the end of that session graduated with high honors from the Literary Department. In 1905 she married Colonel Thomas H. Russell, a distin-

guished professor in the Staunton Military Academy, who in 1920 succeeded her brother, Colonel W. G. Kable, as President of the Academy. Mrs. Russell has been Regent and Registrar of the Beverley Manor Chapter, D. A. R., President of the Augusta County Garden Club, and a gracious and able leader in the social, civic, and religious life of Staunton. In May, 1926, she was elected President of the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association, and is fulfilling the duties of her office with rare efficiency and devotion.

A Message From Mrs. Russell



THAT a sense of age and responsibility was mine when I last appeared on the pages of *THE BLUESTOCKING!* And it meant so much, for then I was in the list of Sweet Girl Graduates! That was in 1902, just twenty-five years ago, but now, in 1927, we find full fledged college women leaving the halls of Mary Baldwin.

I am proud of the fact that I was here in the days of the old Seminary and privileged to know and honor such women as Miss Martha Riddle, Miss Strickler, and Miss Nannie Tate. And girls, I am proud of the fact that you have invited me here again today, for it is only as your representative that I have been asked and it is your Alumnae Association for which I stand.

Let me beg of you as you leave this institution with your superior privileges, that you make your Alumnae Association an organization worthy of your College; worthy of the ideals and traditions of the old Seminary; fruitful and ambitious for the new College. We must rally to her support. We must show our loyalty by putting ourselves in the ranks of those who would serve her. I ask that you, the graduating class of 1927, who bear the seal of Mary Baldwin on your lives, carry her in your hearts and keep her there. Come back to her when you can. Keep in touch with her and serve her always. How else can you do this save through your Alumnae Association? Have the joy of knowing you have helped in every way you can to pass on the torch to those who come after. Lift high the White and Yellow—may it float forever—and may every girl who has borne the name of Mary Baldwin belong to us—as we, the Alumnae Association, belong to her.

—MARGARET KABLE RUSSELL.

Mrs. Roselle Mercier Montgomery



Roselle Mercier Montgomery, daughter of William N. and Emma Smith Mercier, was born in Crawfordsville, Georgia. She spent most of her youth in Washington and Augusta, Georgia. Mrs. Montgomery studied Latin, English Composition, History, French, and Philosophy at Mary Baldwin Seminary from 1887-1891. After she left Mary Baldwin until she married Mr. John Seymour Montgomery, of New York, in 1901, Mrs. Montgomery wrote prose articles and short stories for magazines. Domesticity and the care of two children, John Sey-

mour, Jr., and Roselle Mercier, Jr. (student at Mary Baldwin in 1919-1920) diverted her attention from writing until 1921. Then she began timidly the writing of verse for newspapers and magazines, including translations of Horace into English prose.

Mrs. Montgomery won the first prize of the Poetry Society of America in 1923 with *Ulysses Returns*, and second prize of the same society in 1925, with *To Helen, Middle-aged*. Her first volume of verse, *Ulysses Returns and Other Poems*, several times listed among the best sellers of non-fiction, was published by Prentano in 1925. At the commencement of Oglethorpe University, Georgia, in May 1927, Mrs. Montgomery received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

For All Teachers

IN MEMORY OF VIRGINIA MARGARET STRICKLER

A teacher is a sower of the seed,

A sower, ever;

A tiller and a toiler in new fields,

A reaper, never!

A careless youngster, I, when she was teacher—
My young delinquencies oft made her preacher.

With care and diligence she sowed the seed—
I was inconsequent, I gave small heed.

The lamp of learning had but few attractions—
I was absorbed, intent on youth's distractions.

The odes of Horace had no charms for me,
I hated old Æneas heartily.

She must have sowed the seed, sometimes in tears,
Esteemed the time she taught me, wasted years.

And when I left her side—I did not know
I had received a gift—Time is so slow!

But as a seed will lie in some old tomb
For ages long, yet yield at last its bloom—

So as the years go on, to me they bring
From seed she sowed in me, late flowering.

Life, rich and beautiful—her gift, my teacher,
Beyond death's bars I pray my thanks may reach her!

A teacher is a sower of the seed,

A sower, ever;

A tiller and a toiler in new fields,

A reaper, never!

—ROSSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

Mrs. Lucille Foster McMillin



Mrs. Benton (Lucille Foster) McMillin, a daughter of the late Captain J. M. Foster, of Shreveport, Louisiana, graduated with honor from the expression department of Mary Baldwin in 1891. In 1897 she married ex-Governor Benton McMillin during his twentieth year in Congress. Her husband, after serving as governor of Tennessee twice, served with honor and distinction as American Minister to Peru and Guatemala. As a leader of social and civic life, she is serving in many capacities.

She is the Democratic National Committeewoman for Tennessee; one of the two women members of the Executive Council of the Department of Political Education of the National Civic Federation (of which Elihu Root is chairman). She has also served as State Chairman of International Affairs, League of Woman voters; led the fight on the floor at the meeting of the National Committee in 1924 for the 50-50 representation for Delegates-at-Large, and was elected as Delegate-at-Large to the National Convention in New York in 1924. Not least among her duties, she served in 1925 as National Chairman for the Mary Baldwin College Campaign. Mrs. McMillin also presents plays professionally; this season she read at Columbia University, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and at many southern institutions.

A Message From Mrs. McMillin



PERHAPS you would like to know what life means to me. Six years ago the joy of living was taken from me, but the Heavenly Father who does all things well, left in me the joy of conflict. Of all the various kinds of work I do, my greatest joy is in my work with my Bible class, every Sunday morning. I would give up all my activities before I would give up that one. That I am allowed to do what I can to instill the right ideas of life, the great ideals of life into young women, I consider a great blessing. I love them, and they love and trust me. To me the most glorious thing in life is activity for the right. The deepest reality of life is duty; the divinest part of life, motherhood. Neither would I exchange the blessing of motherhood, the privilege of training my child, and of having her with me during her beautiful years on earth, the joy of having my home and my husband, for the greatest honor that could be bestowed on any human being in this great country of ours. I do not care to hold office (strange as this may seem). As I showed a decided gift for acting I was given the finest dramatic training, both in New York and in Europe. I emphasize this fact, because development of my talent has meant more to me than I could well say. I have made thousands of dollars for charity by using my talent. Six years ago when I lost my only child, I turned to this gift, and through it have had as much work as I can possibly do, professionally. And work is man's best friend.

—LUCILLE FOSTER MCMILLIN.

Other Alumnae

One proof of Mary Baldwin's worth is that large body of alumnae leading lives of great usefulness. Among the alumnae scattered over many states in the Union, as well as in many foreign countries, are such women as the following. These are just a few of the many who have led lives of service; to name all is hopeless in such limited space.

Eugenia Bumgardner, '98, had a most interesting foreign service. In 1917 she went overseas as a medical secretary with U. S. base hospital No. 8; after a year she was transferred to chief surgeon's office at Tours; later she was connected with the American relief administration. In 1920, she went to Serbia with the American Red Cross, and later to Constantinople, where she visited the refugee camps. Her book, *Undaunted Exiles*, tells in a fascinating manner of the 200,000 Russian refugees. In 1922, General Peter Wrangel, commander-in-chief of "The White Russian Armies" who fought the "Reds," bestowed on her the decoration of St. Stanislaw, IV Grade, "For Merit." The old Grand Duke Nicholas (uncle of the Czar of the Russian Armies) and the Grand Duchess invited her in 1925 to their villa to thank her personally for her book, and to receive and carry back thanks to America for donations of money and clothing. (Some of the donations were given by Mary Baldwin students.)

Anna Jarvis, '82, of Philadelphia, originated the idea of Mother's Day.

Pauline Stewart-Crosley, '83, is author of *Intimate Letters from Petrograd*.

Passie Fenton McCabe Otley, '84, has been very active in civic affairs. For twenty years she was chairman of the Georgia Library Commission; she was president of the Board of Trustees of Tallulah Falls Industrial School for mountain boys and girls when it expanded and accumulated an endowment of \$100,000; she was first Democratic Committeewoman from Georgia; Chairman of the executive committee Woman's Board, Oglethorpe University; received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from University of Georgia.

Florence Willingham Rickard, '81, an artist and author, was awarded for art, the silver cup at the Georgia State Fair in 1918 and again in 1919. She has published *The Ides of March* and *Between Scarlet Thrones*.

Libby Alby Bull, '88, organized The Mary Baldwin School for Girls in Korea.

Frances McQuaide, '98, was superintendent of the A. R. C. Hospital in Jerusalem under the Palestine Commission; after that she was in charge of fourteen Child Welfare Clinics in Constantinople; later she was in charge of a hospital in Athens.

Cornelia Morgan, '04, granddaughter of Senator Morgan of Alabama, went to China with the China Inland Mission and is now at Ts'u yung Yunnan.

Josephine Woods, '06, and Lilly Woods, '14, daughters of Dr. James Woods, missionary in China, organized The Martha Riddle School in China and named it in honor of Miss Riddle, who for years taught history at Mary Baldwin.

Dreamers of Today

We dream as some 1900s artist and

Roméo and Juliet SHAKESPEARE



A Message From Miss Higgins

My Dear Girls:

I am very happy to have this opportunity of writing to you, not because I have so much to say, but simply because it is *you* to whom I am writing. You and I have been friends together, and while sometimes we have had different opinions on some subjects, yet we have never failed to work together for the one great objective. You with your judgment in a formative state, and I with the legacy of maturer years have been striving for an evenly balanced adjustment of life's problems for you. I think of each of you with interest and affection, each one is a distinct personality, and a vision comes to me as I see you going about your daily tasks, at work and at play. I see you as fine, strong young women with a certain blend of grace and charm, of courage and intelligence, and one who has made the transition from winsome girlhood to gracious, charming, Christian womanhood. Many fair daughters have gone forth from the doors of your Alma Mater, some to preside over homes of happiness and distinction, some to enter professions and become useful members of society at large, and possibly a few are laggards and have failed to meet life's responsibilities with satisfying results. Will the real work of Mary Baldwin College be reflected in your life? Do you realize that your success will be significant of the influence which the training here has had upon your character?

I beg of you, the Pioneer Class of 1927, to remember that Mary Baldwin College is not a dream, but a reality, and that you are the living representatives of that reality. The College takes a peculiar pride in you. The life here has meant much to you and the school which has trained generations before your day, asks these things of you: preserve its good name; promote its progress; let no opportunity pass to recount its benefits to you, and set your face forward for an ever-growing Mary Baldwin and give of your efforts to accomplish this end. There are always those who look with disfavor upon changes and especially those in "dear old Alma Mater," they recognize the fact that pioneer modes of travel, pioneer comforts, or discomforts, pioneer method of business, etc., belong to pioneer days and were signs of strong and valiant spirits, and that these are not for practical use now, therefore why should "dear old Alma Mater" stand still? You will prove to the world that the ideals and standards of today of Mary Baldwin as embodied in you are worth while.

The College will always follow your course with affectionate interest, and may I urge you to so direct your lives that pride may be mingled with that interest?

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

I am, in days past and days to come,

Affectionately yours,

—MARIANNA P. HIGGINS.

Seniors

*Romance
and big things
and real dreams
that never go smash.*

Minnie : CARL SANDBURG.



College Seniors



MARGUERITE WALKER DUNTON, *President*

OFFICERS

MARGUERITE DUNTON	<i>President</i>
ELSIE GRAY HUME.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHARINE SEE	<i>Secretary</i>
MARJORIE TROTTER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS MYRTLE VOLKHARDT.....	<i>Honorary Member</i>

COLORS

Blue and Gold

MOTTO

Conjunctis Viribus

FLOWERS

Maréchal-Niel Rose

MARY AURELIA BARTON

RAPHINE, VIRGINIA

*There is no such sculpture as
character.*



The strong common sense to recognize the best, the steady will to do it, and the splendid ability to do it well, make Aurelia a veritable fund of strength and dependability and have achieved for her an enviable scholastic standing. During the two years in which we have known her, we have found her one to love and one on whom we may depend in work and friendship.





MARGARET WALKER
BOWEN

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

*Whatever is worth doing at all
is worth doing well.*

Margaret came to us as a Sophomore from Bluefield College. And when she leaves us she will take with her, not only a splendid record of A's and B's, a degree, and a diploma in Expression, but she will take "for keeps" a large share of our affections, won over by her good humor, her helpfulness, and her friendliness.



ETTA LOIS BROWN

CHURCHVILLE, VIRGINIA

*Better to die ten thousand
thousand deaths
Than to wound my honor.*



"Still waters run deep"—deep into the unfathomable mysteries of the fourth dimension and the ancient writings of Rome. But withal such unobtrusive helpfulness and such quick friendliness! Of course, Etta is far too modest to agree with all this, but we know and admire her sympathetic way of accomplishing everything, and love her unselfish co-operation and class spirit.



DOROTHY CURRY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

*To those who know thee not, no
words can paint
And those who know thee,
know all words are faint.*

Will you pardon our using a very hackneyed word to express a very original girl? Well, then, Dot is one of the "best all round" girls we've ever had the real pleasure of knowing. Every day in the class room gives proof of her intellectual ability, the 1926 BLUESTOCKING speaks for her editorial ability, and all of us are ready to acclaim Dot our most popular day student.



MARGUERITE WALKER
DUNTON

BAYFORD, VIRGINIA

*Thou wert a beautiful thought
softly bodied forth.*



You remember Marguerite is the name of a lovely flower and a lovely gem; and Marguerite fulfills these requirements. It is a delight to find a girl accomplished and accomplishing, with sweetness of manner, character, appearance, and voice—splendid harmony, you see; which makes us justly proud of our very capable and very charming Madame President.



DOROTHY PAGE HISEY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

*I would make
Reason my guide.*

Whenever you hear anyone saying "— and she has more good sense," you can be sure that "she" is Dot Hisey, the past-master of sense—and nonsense—of the class of '27. Dot is everything one could wish in the way of genuine ability, good will, and likeableness—the type of girl that everyone likes to know and have around.



ELSIE GRAY HUME

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

*A great soul will be strong to
live, as well as to think.*



Elsie Gray is just the kind of person you can count on to do whatever she is asked to do well, because she is most effectively equipped with excellent ideas and real initiative. Good humor and poise, good sportsmanship and school spirit, good nature and friendliness—oh, they are just *some* of Elsie Gray's splendid qualities that make us so proud to be her friends.



NETTIE DuBOSE JUNKIN

SUTSIEN, KIANGSU, CHINA

*This, above all—To think own
self be true.*

Few girls have ever shown such fine school loyalty and unusual literary and musical ability as has Nettie during her three years as a member and one year as editor-in-chief of *The Miscellany* staff, and as a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. She has won the friendship and esteem of both faculty and students, and we in turn value Nettie highly as the most generous and helpful of friends.



MARY ELIZABETH
RICHARDSON

O'KEEFE, WEST VIRGINIA



*It is a friendly heart that has
plenty of friends.*



Elizabeth graduated from the Seminary in 1925, but returned to join our class in the Junior year, to do more fine work and win even higher honors. The girls who know her best declare that Elizabeth is one of the finest of friends, and that oft-heard cry of "Richardson! Richardson!" means that some good friend is hunting for fun where she knows she will find it.



EDYTHE RICHCREEK

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

*Rare compound of oddity, frolic
and fun!*

*Who relished a joke and
rejoiced in a pun.*

Edythe is the best-natured girl in Staunton, Virginia, beyond a doubt. No hap or mishap could be so threatening that Edythe would not meet it with a perfectly disarming laugh. We will cheerfully admit that she is not the proverbial "dignified senior," because we are quite positive that she is ever so much nicer, just so.



MARGUERITE CAROLINE
RUTHERFORD

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

*I opened the doors of my heart,
And behold
There was music within and a
song.*



Marguerite has all kinds of excellent Senior qualifications. To begin with, she is a good student and a splendid manager of all her quantities of work. Moreover, she has the best sort of disposition and a clever turn of mind. Best of all, she is likeable to the nth degree because—well, just because she's Marguerite.



KATHARINE ALLYN SEE

FLOYD, VIRGINIA

*With too much quickness ever
to be taught*

*With too much thinking to have
common thought.*

There are many wonderful things to be said about "K. See" if one is to give an adequate picture of her. Her genius is of a rare and original type, her wit is kindly and sparkling, her wisdom universally admired, and her friendship invaluable. The school will always be deeply in her debt for her work on *The Miscellany* staff for four years, on *THE BLUESTOCKING* staff for two years, and for our wonderful Alma Mater song.



MARY TERRELL

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

*Superior worth your rank
requires.*



Though Mary hails from Texas, she firmly denies any inclination for bare-back riding and cow-punching. Well, we can hardly associate such activities with Mary, anyway. It is hard to conceive of so much style, personality, and ability being concentrated in one person; and the real Mary, moreover, is lovable, sincere, straightforward, and thoroughly splendid. No wonder she has won a high place in our hearts.





MARJORIE HOUSTON
TROTTER

WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA

*Muse not that I thus suddenly
proved
For what I will, I will, and
there an end.*

Among us mortals, one enviable characteristic often predominates, and once in a great while several such go hand in hand. Marjorie, however, is many times endowed with the average share—attractive personality, good-natured humor, executive ability, and the useful power of achieving what she sets out to do, plus the charming faculty of making and keeping friends wherever she may be.



MAURINE TULLY
MOUNT HOPE, WEST VIRGINIA

*A thing of beauty is a joy
forever.*



Tully has that generous type of personality that has the charm of perfect harmonious achievement. As President of the Cotillion, member of the Athletic Council, and Joke Editor of last year's annual, she has contributed splendidly to the success of each. Her rare attractiveness, sensible humor, and fine loyalty to the school, make us proud to call her an ideal Mary Baldwin girl.

Pioneers

Courage all, my heroes, our oars the waves are breaking,
Out upon a purple sea that closes round our track.
What's dragons when the Golden Fleece is hanging for our taking?
The Fates send sharp adventure—ours the way that turns not back.

And that's the spirit of the Pioneers—
Well, is it ours? we lightly took the name;
What token have we of our right to it,
That hero-name? what have we gathered here
To lead us on to have a part in it?

Westward ho, mariners, and a fair wind in the rigging,
Your stout hearts mock the Spanish galleons, hounds upon our track.
For there's gold and gems on every beach waiting for our digging;
Oh, we're for gay adventuring on a course that turns not back.

It has been good for us, this being here;
Rich yellow walls glimpsed through green-lacing trees
Or flecked or flooded with the living sun—
The symbol of the gold we've gathered here;
Has it had power to whet us on to more?

Westward still! white wagon tops along the prairie lurching.
Grim watchers, beast and human, know our sternly followed track.
But the gold of Eldorado is ours for the searching,
And we're primed for all adventure on the trail that can't turn back.

The gold that we have gathered from these walls
Reflected on our new horizon now—
A gleam to follow! On then, after it;
The skyline flashes beckoning to us.
Follow, in the spirit of the Pioneers.

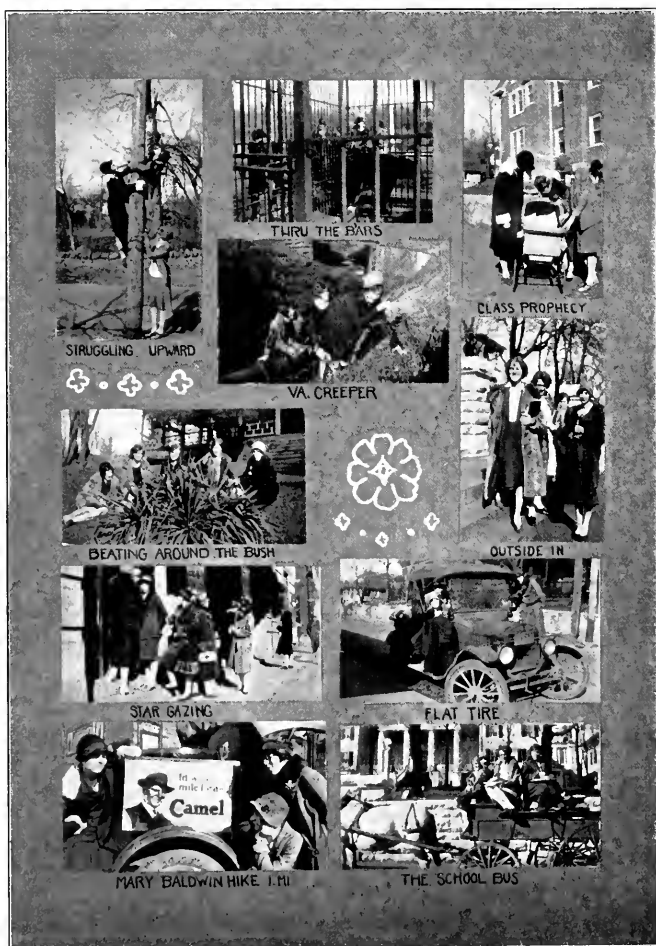
Onward then, the cry for us, straight the road or winding
Sunset light or sunrise or moon-path for our track,
For all the gold of all the stars is waiting for our finding—
We're bent on high adventure on the Trail that Won't-Turn-Back!

—KATHARINE ALLYN SEE.

Reveries



AR up in the heights we Seniors sit—dreaming dreams. Some of them are strangely similar to scenes and happenings of days gone by, and some are set far in a wonderful future. The dreams of the past are hurried oftentimes, distorted memories of vivid Freshmen hallucinations wherein demons of doubt and failure assailed one's sense of importance on all sides; burning memories of the sophists illusions that suffered repeatedly from French prose, wrong mental sets, and faux pas; more soothing recollections of the Junior fancies that dared to plan new and wonderful things. And now we seem almost to turn our many tasks over to brain habit, leaving our spirits go in peace to the mountain tops from whence they may see things far around them, and where the Spirit of Reverie may meet with them, interpreting for them the meanings of the old hallucinations, illusions, and fancies and whispering wonderful and strange new things. Most often this Spirit speaks to them in words dearly familiar, recalling the love and wisdom and fine insight of Miss Latané. How significant some things seem—when the Spirit of Reverie points them out! The diploma and the hood with its white and yellow lining become of value not, as had been expected, for themselves, but because they represent ability to attain yet higher things. Sometimes the Spirit becomes very practical, and we think of "that job," and what it will be like to live on our own salary. But no matter how desirable the future may seem in reverie, it is a strange future, and the heart turns a bit wistfully back to the familiar friends and places, looking behind, as it were, down the slope it ascended, e'er it looks forward again, out over the world into which it must go to work out in helpful, happy ways the dreams and hopes with which it is laden. And the record of the achievements of the past—of the class song of the Pioneers, of the high standing of the members of the class in all school activities, of the banquets, entertainments, and delightful teas with Miss Latané, Miss Riches, and Miss Volkhardt, and of the marvelously successful 1926 BLUESTOCKING, and most recently, of the Senior play—this record we feel is one to make us not only turn more regretfully from the past, but to turn more confidently to the future, trusting that our dreams shall last, when the class of '27 itself shall be scattered over the world. May these inspiring dreams lead us on to lives of service, which will give our Alma Mater just reason to look upon its pioneer class with pride! And our reveries of toil and fun at Mary Baldwin will grow brighter as time transforms them into golden nuggets.



SENIOR AMBITIONS

Juniors

Our dreams drench us in sense, and sense steeps us again in dreams.

—Table Talk: ALCOCK.



The Junior Class



DOROTHY MILLER, *President*

OFFICERS

DOROTHY MILLER	<i>President</i>
FLORA GEORGE	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE JACKSON	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
HELEN BAYLOR	<i>Secretary</i>
DOROTHY DYER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND	<i>Honorary Member</i>

MOTTO

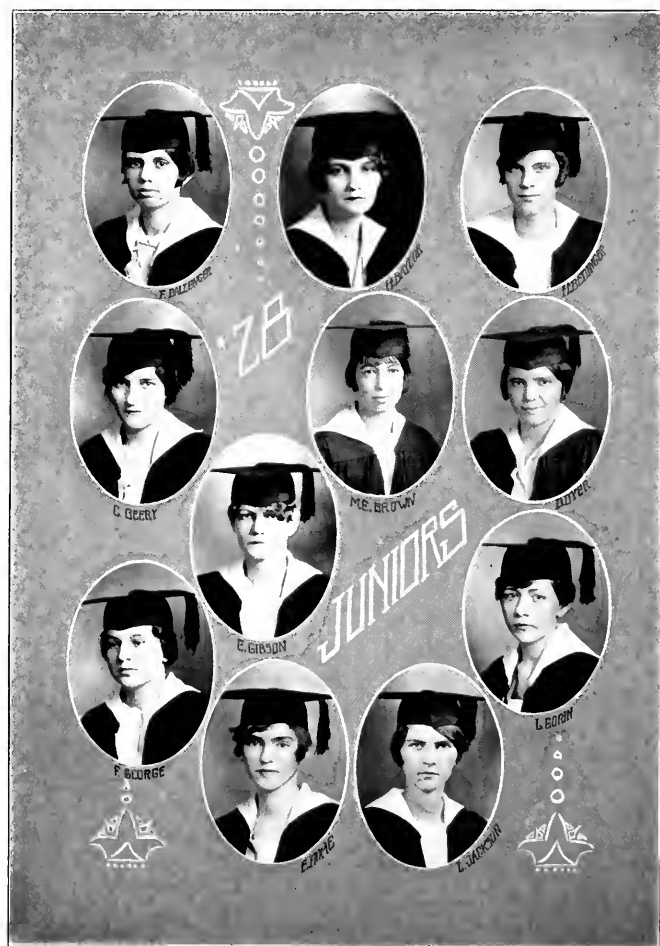
Niti nec cedere

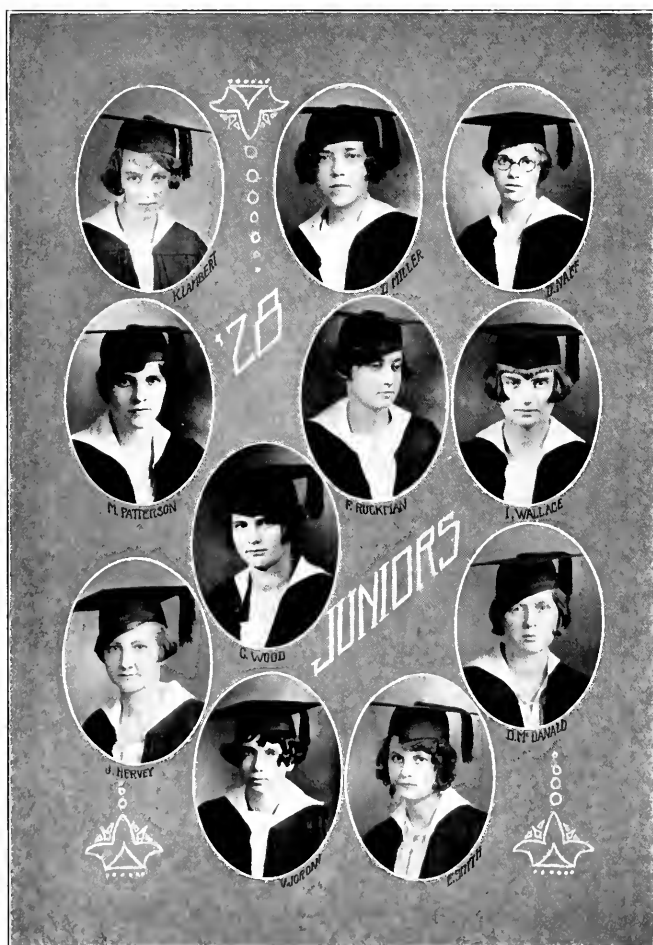
FLOWERS

Lilac and Daffodil

COLORS

Lavender and Gold





Fancies



N Fancy's realm we live. We are most blessed to be under her rule when in reality we have the stupendous task of compiling a volume containing the record—true and beautiful—of the progress of the Dreamers—of yore, of today—of Mary Baldwin. Sometimes when around a rough table we sat at the hour of midnight, with dim eyes and a dimmer vision, chewing our pencil points in helpless rage at the inadequacy of our words, Fancy came, and with a stroke of brush and pen, painted the things as she sees them, for the god of things as they are. Other times, Fancy steals early to our side and whispers, "Get this picture and write this line for THE BLUESTOCKING," and the obedient Dreamers hasten to do as bidden. Intently we implore Fancy, we trust Fancy to provide us with the magic stone of old to enable us to divine the dreams of the Dreamers aright.

Oh yes, we feel the claws of grim Reality when Fancy forsakes us a minute and we are asked for facts—not fancies—of philosophy from Heraclitus to those of Aristotle, and from Bacon through the ideas of Schopenhauer. But then, at the psychological moment when the psychology of *Why We Behave as Humans* is about to dissolve us, Peter Pan comes and bears us away—so far, indeed, that the problems of psychology bother us not in the least.

Fancy has as many ramifications as have the evil doers of hallucinations and illusions. How satisfying it is to build large palaces in Spain, and how altogether delightful to see rose-covered cottages and bungalows which are closer than Spain. But then fanciful domesticity has absolutely no appeal for some Juniors. One or two actually believe that Fancy shall lead them into the realms of business—but could Fancy be guilty of such a prosaic crime? It has been admitted by one that her fanciful inclinations are altogether along the agricultural line. True sacrilege! But perhaps Peter Pan was only teasing, and her ambitions shall soar above mere earthly things. However, on the whole, we think we possess discrimination in the superlative—but Fancy is a college trickster, so let us ever be on the alert. Fancies have a way of coming true, too—and since nothing but the best will satisfy us, our Fancies must be lofty ones. But aren't they? Certainly—our discrimination we've faith in. We realize the importance and necessity of having our fancies properly tuned in. So let our fancies be not merely passive, pretty things, but truly beautiful Fancies aspiring and constructive,—something we can be justly proud of and ever loyal to. Let them be angels of freedom leading us into realms unknown to the common herd. Fancy is that "divinity that shapes our ends"; the Fancies of today are the realities of tomorrow; and our Fancies are the promises of what we shall one day be. Therefore, we trust our achievements may produce golden realities at seniority.

Junior Hall of Fame

DOROTHY DYER.....	Best sense of humor
ELISE GIBSON	Cleverest
CLARA BEERY.....	Most intellectual
CAROLINE WOOD.....	Most efficient
• FRANCES RUCKMAN	Frankest
DOROTHY MILLER.....	Most in love
LOUISE JACKSON.....	Cutest
ELIZABETH HUME.....	Best sport
FRANCES BALLENGER.....	Best in tennis
DOROTHY McDANALD.....	Our Red Head
MARY EDITH BROWN.....	Most musical
FLORA GEORGE.....	Most dependable
HENRIETTA BEDINGER.....	Most athletic
HELEN BAYLOR.....	Most indifferent
MARGARET PATTERSON.....	Ideal Junior
KITTY LAMBERT.....	Most demure
IRENE WALLACE.....	Most ability
VIRGINIA JORDAN.....	Most practical
DOROTHY NAFF.....	Best read
ELIZABETH SMITH	Prettiest
JEANETTE HERVEY.....	Most dramatic

Sophomores

*Since you know all
and I know nothing,
tell me what I dreamed last night*

— SMOKE AND STEEL: SANDBURG.



The Sophomore Class



ANNA CATHERINE McMAHON, *President*

OFFICERS

ANNA CATHERINE McMAHON	<i>President</i>
CATHERINE CRAFTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
EFFIE H. ANDERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
JENNIE HUNT	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARTHA HOOD	}	<i>Sergeants-at-Arms</i>
LOIS WALKER		
MISS ELEANORA HARRIS	<i>Honorary Member</i>

FLOWER
The Calendula

MOTTO
Finis coronat opus

COLORS
Orange and Green

EMBLEM
The Shamrock

CLASS DAY
March 17

MEMBERS

EFFIE H. ANDERSON	EUNICE DIAMOND	ANNA C. McMAHON	PHYLLIS SHUMATE
VIRGINIA BROOKS	CAROLYN GOCHENOUR	REBECCA MESSICK	RUTH STONE
LEOLA BROWN	MARTHA HOOD	ELIZABETH MILLER	MARY GARLAND TAYLOR
ELIZABETH BURNS	JENNIE HUNT	RUTH NAFF	LOIS WALKER
CATHERINE CRAFTON	NANCY COOPER JOHNSON	DOROTHY POWELL	REBECCA WHITE



CLASS OF '29

Illusions



I must confess that our mental state is much saner than it was last year, and altogether we feel more comfortable. Last year, we frankly admit, we reacted to pseudo-stimuli which resulted in the endeavor to make the school go around us. Our teachers diagnosed the case as a severe one of hallucinations which was acting to stimuli that were lacking. We can understand how they were right last year because every one cannot see in just one year the virtue in a whole class. But surely they cannot say this year that we want to make the school evolve around us! Yet, what do we hear from all quarters? "Oh, but it is all an illusion, an optical illusion. This can all be changed if you take off your orange and green glasses and look through the white and yellow (daylight) ones." If what they say is true, we hope the defect is not incurable. We long to have others appreciate us as we do ourselves. Worthy upper classmen, you may be older and you may be more privileged, but we tell you that we lead in scholarship at Mary Baldwin. "That's all right, Sophs," the Juniors reply, "but take something else as your standard; we admit we aren't so good, but take as your unit of measurement the good of the school as a whole and the right solution will be found."

Anyway, the statement of our illustriousness must have helped, for we procured in two years what privileges it took the Juniors three years to get. Again, they seem to have an answer ready in their wise psychological language that we cannot understand. "If this is so, you have nothing further to attain unto. Therefore, by the application of the law of cause and effect, there is no growth, and when that is the case, decay sets in and death steals your luster." They talk mighty highbrow, but we don't believe it, so it doesn't matter. Still, how can they say that's an illusion of ours? We are growing all the time and have the good of the school at heart; we spend our time exercising our intellects and bodies so that we might lead in the scholastic field. Is that a case of illusions? We thought not, but maybe the upper classmen *are* a bit wiser, and their advice to see ourselves in the right proportion seemed good. We have finally come to the decision to take the best from all ages and to adopt Aristotle's theory of proportion and practice it. We are beginning to see that the ideal is the golden mean between pride and humility. This right mental adjustment will take the scales from our eyes. Then we'll become ideal Mary Baldwin graduates, and be illustrious representatives of the school and its ideals, all because we have gathered enough experience and wisdom to help us see things *as they are*.

Freshmen

And take as a chance of dream

Lady of the Lake, Scott



The Freshman Class



MARY DRAPER, *President*

OFFICERS

MARY DRAPER	<i>President</i>
MARY LOUISE TIMBERLAKE	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH WOODS	<i>Secretary</i>
VIVIAN HARNSBERGER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MILDRED BAGLEY	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
MISS MILDRED CAMPBELL	<i>Honorary Member</i>

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

MOTTO

Esse quam videri

COLORS

Red and Gold

MEMBERS

JEAN SCOTT ANTHONY	VIRGINIA DICKERSON	ELIZABETH HILL	KATHARINE ROBERTSON
MILDRED BAGLEY	MARY DOSWELL	FRANCES GRIDER HORST	JANE ROBINSON
EVELYN BAKER	MARY DRAPER	ELIZABETH D. JOHNSON	MARGARET SCOTT
GRAYSON BALDWIN	MARGARET FRAZER	ELIZABETH T. JOHNSON	MARION SIBBIT
LOUISE BARLOW	MARY AGNES GRANT	NANCY E. JOHNSON	EDITH SPINKS
MARGARET LYNN BAYLOR	ELIZABETH GRIFFY	BESSIE LEWIS	M. L. TIMBERLAKE
LOUISE BUENZLE	HARRIET HAINES	JEAN LUCAS	MARGARET WILSON
VIRGINIA BURKE	LOUISE HANCOCK	ALICE MCQUISTON	ELIZABETH WITHERS
HELEN BUSSEY	LUCY HANBY	MILDRED MOORE	ELIZABETH WOODS
BETTY CONNER	VIVIAN HARNSBERGER	ELIZABETH MUSE	DOROTHY YINGLING
ANNELLE DAVENPORT	ELIZABETH HESSER	LEONE PENCE	



CLASS OF '30

Hallucinations



HERE are we? In the Forest of Argonne? In the Indian Ocean? Our wise Dean and friendly faculty adviser, Miss Campbell, say that we are Freshmen, here at Mary Baldwin, and that we are suffering from a disease called hallucinations (all Freshmen have it) caused by over-activity of our imaginations; that such symptoms are natural to children, but that with age and experience, which we feel we are rapidly gaining, our imaginations become controlled, and take forms, which react only in the common and monotonous manner—in other words in a sane manner. They say that we feed our overworked minds on inflammable ideas of College Life (student control, faculty submission, no work, proms, interscholastic activity, equality with upperclassmen). We are told by our Superiors (?) that no such stimuli as above are found in college, but that we act like they really existed. But in our opinion we are a supremely complacent mélange, still retaining the memory of the glamour that ushered us from prep school. Strange to say, others were not so impressed by our arrival—life continued undisturbed in spite of the fact that we were here. However, the psycho-analysts insist that we have something called Hallucinations, and proceeded to analyze and measure a group of people known as Freshmen. After much diagnosing and dissecting, they tried to convince us that the Forest of Argonne is the innumerable duties through which we can't see daylight, and that the Indian Ocean represents the depth and expansion of knowledge into which we either dive willingly or are pushed, there to drown or float or swim. This absurd statement convinces us more fully that the examiners are the ones who are suffering in this case. But we keep quiet because we have noticed the painfully condescending attitude with which we are surrounded, and after all we are rather helpless in such a crowd.

The Sophomores offered to train our mind to react to commonplace things. How we rebelled! The idea that we react to hypothetical stimuli doesn't hold good, during rating season especially. We reacted to real beds and very untidy rooms. Was this College? This interminable bed-making, curtain-hanging, and cleaning up! Where were all our vision and ideals that had thrilled us?

We tried to appease these reformers, and so we gave a party to the faculty, and in the spring we decided we would turn the tables, and throw the rest of the school in a fit of Hallucinations. "Who is Fanny?" But the College world, so old and wise, went calmly on, and now we really believe that we have this malady known as Hallucinations. The specialists pronounce our recovery speedy now, as we recognize the fact that we have the malady and the cause of it and have set about systematically to overcome every temptation to succumb to it. Ere long, we'll be safely past the ills of Freshmen.



THE CLASSIC INFLUENCE



TO US THE DEAN



READY TO GO



THEATRE BOUND



WHEN WE COME BACK



WELCOME

SOME COLLEGATES



PULL HARDER



NO SOAP!



A COLD EMBROID



CROWNING GLORY



CURRENT EVENTS



M.B. MESSENGER



AFTER EXAMS



THE DOKER TAKEN
TAKING!



CENSORED



THE TWINS



JUST OUT

GIRLS OF THE INSTITUTE

Senior Specials

Nothing can be done well in art except by vision

The Stones of Venice: RUSKIN.



The Senior Specials



ANNA GABRIEL YOUNG, *President*

OFFICERS

ANNA GABRIEL YOUNG.....	<i>President</i>
MARY WEADE	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILDRED LUCKETT.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS EUNICE COX.....	<i>Honorary Member</i>

COLORS

Gray and Rose

FLOWER

Pink Rose



ELEANOR BLANCHE
ADAMS

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Graduate in Expression

Eleanor possesses that talent to which we are all so sensitive when being "played-to." She carries us on waves of mirth or makes our emotions vehicles to lands of mysticism and romance. She holds a store of ability seasoned with humor. Eleanor has done much for us in her three years—in her Y. W. work, active membership in the Dramatic Club, and in her splendid editing of *The Miscellany*.

MARGARET WALKER
BOWEN

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

*Graduate in Liberal Arts
Graduate in Expression*

Steady, staid, strong, and always to be depended upon, Margaret Bowen is one of the college graduates as well as a graduate of the expression department. To go on through all disturbing circumstances, is one of her enviable characteristics. Although having the cares of hall president, only seldom has Margaret been known to become agitated over the perplexing questions demanding her attention.



MARGUERITE WALKER
DUNTOUN

BAYFORD, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Liberal Arts
Graduate in Voice

"Was it a bird that sang? Was it
the splash
Of silvery water—that awakened
me?"

Her notes, cool and clear, slid
like crystal beads softly down a
string. Then again they richened,
became loving, laughing, and alive.
No wonder all love to hear Mar-
guerite sing. She graduates from
college as well as from the voice
course. We value her as a mu-
sician; still more do we hold her
dear as a friend.

ELSIE GRAY HUME

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Liberal Arts
Graduate in Expression

Elsie Gray is one of those
whole-souled, self-starting girls
whom everybody likes and most
people envy. We envy with ad-
miration the way in which she has
conquered the requirements for
the Bachelor's degree and the
technique and soul of dramatic
training. Although Elsie Gray
bristles with capability, she has
not failed to develop a permanent
sort of humor which is attractive-
ly mixed with just the proper
amount of seriousness.



MILDRED ARNOLD
LUCKETT

LUCKETTS, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

Golden hair, large blue eyes, a sunny disposition, and a cheery smile—that's Mildred. Does one want something done? "Mildred, will you help?" "Sure," and she does, with her droll fun and ever-ready sympathy. To hear her talk, one would think chop-sticks to be the height of her ambition, but, under her fingers, Bach becomes sprightly and charming, and Grigg's Sonata Op. 7 takes on new life and power. Here's joy and luck to you, Mildred!

MARJORIE LOCKRIDGE
MOWER

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano
Graduate in Organ

We admire Marjorie for her beauty and we envy her for her musical capacities and we love her for her kind disposition. Hours of practice, subtle harmonic mysteries and history assignments fail to erase her smile or ruffle her good humor. A cheerful greeting and a friendly "howdy" are characteristics of Marjorie, in the halls, on the campus, or in the classroom. She is an all-round girl and we wish her all success!



PAULINE PRESTON
PHIPPS

GALAX, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

Pauline's good nature and cheerful attitude shine from her eyes, and her unusual talent lives through her fingers. She is gifted with a remarkable interpretative ability of the classics and renders equally well modern music. And in class, Pauline is as much at home as at the piano. A group of girls are often found outside her practice room—listening. What better testimony is needed of her talent?

MARY WEADE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

*Graduate in Piano
Graduate in Organ*

Mary, the true and dependable, has charm. From her sparkling dark eyes, her soft black hair, her ever-ready spontaneous smile, we feel its influence. Such is the girl. In academic work, she is thorough and earnest, yet it is in music, the piano and organ, that she excells. There is a clearness and beauty of tone, brilliancy, and feeling when Mary plays which we so often miss in others less gifted.



ANNA GABRIEL YOUNG

COOPERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Graduate in Piano

Graduate in Organ

"A little bit of salt and sweetness
A dainty bit of rare completeness."

You know how it is with these presidents—they must uphold the honor of the class. Wherefore the seniors are happy in having Anna—true blue, loyal, and lovable. When the rest of us are rushing madly about, she goes quietly on, with the ease that denotes underlying power, and the charm that has endeared her to us all.

SENIOR SPECIALS'

FAREWELL

We of the Senior Special Class of 1927 have learned the secret of educating our souls as well as our intellects, by our years of ambitious efforts at Mary Baldwin. We are leaving now—but we are taking with us the added riches that are ours by the mastery of music and the power of expression—the two magic keys that unlock the door of the soul. So let us drink a long toast to Fine Arts and to our Alma Mater!

The Nine Muses of Mary Baldwin



THE most lovely and inspiring of all the age-old, ever-young gods or goddesses, were the nine Muses. The other would-be deities had their place in the direction and misdirection of mortal lives, but it was always to this rare sisterhood of the Nine that immortal souls instinctively turned.

There was nothing mundane about the Muses. They lived on clear hilltops, beside perennial springs, and made music and wrote poetry and sang songs and were dramatic. There is no record that any of them kept house or brought up children. So far as we know, they had neither. But they had their place then, for the mortal men and women got tired oftentimes and needed the change of diet from daily bread and bacon to nectar and ambrosia, no less than they were in want of a change of climate from odorous kitchens to odorous mountain heights. So, in spirit at least, the common herd climbed the slopes of Parnassus whenever they could get away to do it, that in this gracious, celestial company they might find Beauty and Truth and Goodness, by which, as Plato said, "the wings of the soul are nourished and grow apace." The closer they got to the Muses, the nicer everything seemed, even if it were in some ways a mean climb. But you see, the higher up they got, the more beautiful the earth below them seemed, because they then looked out over masses of blooming orchards; not at crawling worms. Once arrived amongst them, the traveler finds these daughters of Zeus the most charming of hostesses. For they play to him, recite to him, and reveal beauty and truth to him with that intense passion that characterizes all worshippers of art. And the traveler becomes, for the while, one of their number—a divine human dwelling among the gods, and partaking of their infinite nature, which is part of his own birthright. That is, in their company at least, men are not beasts.

The ancient pagans had no advantage over us, though. We have, right here among us mortals at M. B. C., our nine Muses—nine patronesses of art and music and dramatics—nine lovely beings filled with divine gifts—to be exact, nine Senior Seniors. How commonplace would life be to the rest of us—without their lovely gifts! How dull and meaningless our work-a-day world without their interpretation of beauty, music, and humanity! With their gifts, they chase dull care away with the alluring soft, silver tones of the organ, and the full, clear notes of the piano; they soothe us with the liquid fluteness of their voices; they charm us with designs of exquisite colors and graceful forms; with the power to make vivid the fantastic or the realistic, they transport us to the heights of Parnassus. In all serious gratitude we would drink to our Senior Specials, for that for us they have made life charming and inspiring and altogether desirable.

Domestic Science Seniors

Men are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers.

AS A MAN THINKETH: JAMES ALLEN



Domestic Science Seniors

MOTTO

The mission of the ideal woman is to make the world homelike.

AIM

To attain efficiency; to add to it self-control; and to gain poise.

AMBITION

To do something each day to make some one a little happier.

CLASS OFFICERS

We need have only one officer—

MISS MORSE

FLORENCE BANTLEY

A laugh is worth a thousand tears in any market.

ELLEN BURKEHOLDER

*Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.*

ALMA CLARKE

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

RUBY HESLEP

A true friend is forever a friend.

KATHERINE MACDONALD

*She seemed,
For dignity compos'd and high exploit.*

MARGUERITE MATTHEWS

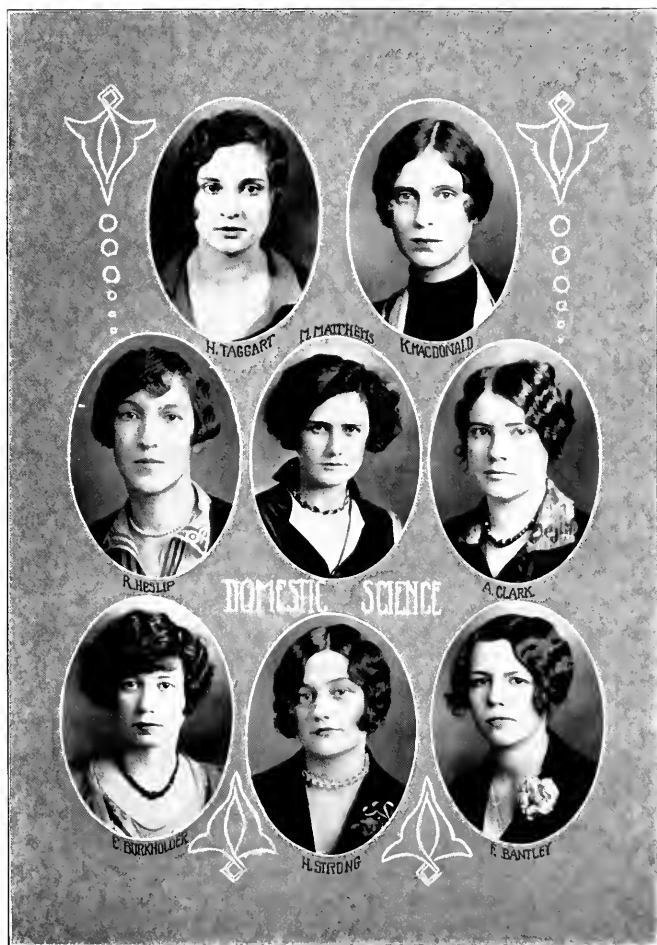
She had rather talk with a man than an angel any day.

HELEN STRONG

*When love is strong
It never carries to take heed.*

HELEN TAGGART

*A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend life is too short.*



Domestic Science Dining Room



SPECIAL FOOD FOR SPECIAL FOLKS

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND

Take one good-looking fraternity man, with black curly hair, blue eyes, and flashing white teeth, known by generosity, excellent love-making and possession, which he retains, of pins, also garnished with a Cadillac and one very keen sense of humor. Trim off all fancies for and memoirs of former ladies with a sharp-edged love to avoid possible injury to the heart. Let soak in the delirium of Love for several months and then season with excess of sugar, a dash of sophistication, and a heaping teaspoon of desire, into which carefully stir one large sized can of household management. Place in a well rounded state of turmoil and transfer to a decorated church for several minutes and allow to be browned by a hard-boiled minister. When done place in a rose-scented bungalow to congeal. Serve in hot hunks with sarcasm sauce and a generous supply of pepper, along with the soup course. This recipe is recommended especially for young ladies from eighteen to twenty-four desiring to learn the art of cooking. A rather tedious, but very helpful experience. Recipe guaranteed.

Certificate Courses

Persons are impossible to discern, and still

Russell Johnson.





Certificate in Secretarial Course
BETTY HENDERSON

Certificate in Physical Education
MARTHA HOOD FRANCES JENKINS

There are several courses in Mary Baldwin for which certificates are given. Among these are the Secretarial and Physical Education, both of which are offered in the curriculum every year.

The Physical Education, which ordinarily requires two years for a certificate, involves lectures, class discussion, and the study of anatomy, resulting in deeper appreciation of the human being. Practice supervision of the play and of the gymnastics of the primary department in the school, and callisthenics are under the management of the Physical Education Seniors, assisted by the Junior Class.

The Secretarial Course includes courses in typewriting, bookkeeping, and shorthand.

These courses, although small in student-attendance, entertain an advantage on that score. Personal attention is tendered each student, and the thoroughness of the course is emphasized. They are hard, but all the unpleasant tasks are easily forgotten in view of the reward, so the Seniors say.

College Specials

*For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.*

—The Dreamer: O'REILLY

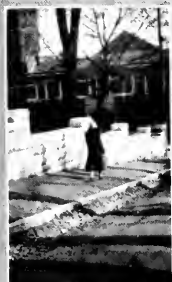


Class Roll of College Specials

ETHEL FINNEY AMES	GLADYS BOZARTH
FLORENCE BANTLEY	MARY STUART BROWN
WYLLHART BAYLIS	LAURA BROWN
FRANCES BONDURANT	ELLEN BURKHOLDER
LOUISE BOWEN	MARY PERSON CAMPBELL
	MARY CAMPBELL
	LILLIAN CARMICHAEL
	ALMA CLARK
	EMILY COBB
	RUTH COIRON
FLORENCE CONDIT	NANCY GAW
CORINNE DANIEL	GLADYS GOWEN
MAE EVANS	JEAN HANKINS
SARAH FRANCES	MARY EDGAR HEBBARD
GRACE GARDEN	ELIZABETH HILL
	FRANCES JENKINS
	LYDIA JORDAN
	VIRGINIA LEAP
	KATHARINE MACDONALD
	ANNE MACDONALD
	ANNIE B. MCCLAIN
JANE MCCLURE	ROBENA PRICE
MARTHA MITCHELL	VIRGINIA RIDDLEBERGER
ZULA MORGAN	MILDRED ROBERTS
HELEN MORRISON	LILLIAN SCALES
REBECCA PRICE	LOIS SCHOONOVER
	LOUISE SPENCER
	FRANCES STALEY
	HELEN STRONG
	HELEN TAGGART
	ELEANOR TATE
ESTHER TOOMER	JEANETTE WATSON
LUELLA TORRENCE	MARGARET WATTS
MILDRED TOWNLEY	ELIZABETH WENGER
NANCY WADDELL	CLAY WEST
	KATHERINE WALKER



COLLEGE SPECIALS



WHY ?



SPECIALS SUN



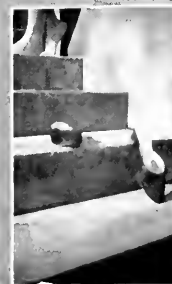
SPECIALS DON'T



THREE X'S



THE ROAD TO HOME



M.B.C. MODE OF TRAVEL



SPECIALS CAN'T



BEHIND THE STYLES

MARY BALDWIN SPECIALS

Dreamers of the Morrow

The young must sigh through many a dream and hope.

—The Land of Heart's Desire: YEATS.



Senior Preparatory Class

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA WOOD	<i>President</i>
MARY MOORE PANCYAKI	<i>Vice-President</i>
JUDITH JORDAN	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND	<i>Honorary Member</i>

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

COLORS

Red and White

MOTTO

Omnes pro una-una omnes

MEMBERS

LOUISE BERGMAN
NANCY DAY
GRACE FRIEND
JUDITH GORDAN
DOROTHY HAMEL

ARLENE HARMAN
MARTHA McDAVID
MARY MOORE PANCYAKE
SARAH FRANCES RALSTON
BESSIE STOKES

BEATRICE STONE
JOSEPHINE SYMONS
NANCY TROTT
VIRGINIA WOOD
PAULINE WOODWARD

Lest Ye Forget

Although the 1926 Senior Preparatory Class was the first to be organized in Mary Baldwin Seminary, the 1927 Senior Preparatory did much (or at least we think so) to put this organization on the statutes. We have not only an efficient class patron, Miss Dorothy Hammond, but most competent officers and last, a Class Constitution which we hope will be emulated by our disciples. Since it is the policy of all good seniors to mix business with pleasure effectively, we modestly confess that we have undertaken this successfully. One afternoon we sauntered off the terrace in high spirits and enjoyed an hour of fun at the movies! The apex of our social activities occurred on February 14th, when we had a banquet at "The Homestead," followed by a theatre party. It is a nice feeling to know we are seniors and to be looked upon as such by the rest of the preparatory department. But with all the joy, there is a shadow, and in this case it is the fact that most of us are leaving Mary Baldwin forever.

Fourth Year Preparatory



Left to right, first row: A. Lewis, J. Symons, A. Harman, A. Trott, G. Friend, D. Hamel, S. F. Ralston, L. Bergman. Second row: N. Day, D. Rumpf, M. McDavid, M. M. Pancake, V. Wood, J. Gordon, B. Stone, B. Stokes, A. Jordan. Third row: M. Rowland, M. Hughes, M. E. Boyd, W. Nichols, K. Jones, L. Hundley, E. Brinley, E. Stoll, E. Hardesty, A. B. Carroll, E. Sale.

Other members: L. Pritchett, P. Woodward, E. Harman.

There are two ways of being happy: We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

—FRANKLIN.

Third Year Preparatory



Left to right, seated: G. Harman, L. McAden, J. Hull, S. Simonds. Standing: C. Morrow, D. Bibb, K. Jordan, M. Rose, B. Nethken, L. Barrow, St. C. Smith, M. Mountcastle.

Other members: H. Carleton, E. Carleton, J. Constable, R. Constable, F. L. Crafton, D. Dils, M. M. Harris, G. Rockwell, M. Walters, R. Williams, A. Wilson.

The highest study of all is that which teaches us to develop those principles of purity and perfect virtue which Heaven bestowed upon us at our birth, in order that we may acquire the power of influencing for good those amongst whom we are placed, by our precepts and example; a study without an end—for our labors cease only when we have become perfect—an unattainable goal.

—CONFUCIUS.

Second Year Preparatory



Left to right, first row: P. Shaffer, H. Gore, H. McGhee, K. B. Jones. Second row: V. Graham, A. Muddendorf, A. J. Wilson, M. Muddendorf, M. Campbell, S. Shaffer.

Other members: M. Blackley, D. Brown, E. Daniel, M. DeMund, B. Goodman, D. Haile, M. B. Harvey, G. Huddleston, L. Jordan, C. Quarles, E. Stewart, W. Stewart, A. J. Wilson.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

First Year Preparatory



Left to right, seated: B. Bowman, B. Stollenwerck, K. Sydenstricker, A. Bradford. Kneeling: M. Russell. Standing: E. Burrow, M. E. Thatcher, M. A. Whittier, K. Rawlings, M. H. Kenner. Other members: I. Neff, M. Scott.

We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and bright skies that make our lives delightful . . . Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. . . . Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors.

—ROBERT LEWIS STEVENSON.

Preparatory Specials



Left to right, first row: B. Henderson, T. Braxton, E. Sullivan, F. Sherbourne, L. McAllister, D. Race. Second row: E. Williams, M. Matthews, H. Fahrinholt, M. Loewner, M. Heneberger, W. Camp, H. Whisnant, B. Wright, L. Hopson, L. Winifree.

Other members: K. Albin, M. Cecil, D. Eisenberg, P. Hotinger, V. Howe, J. Karr, L. Mitchell, E. J. Shultz, L. Sites, C. Travis.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



PREP. ATTAINMENTS



CLOSED DOORS



DITTO



PREP. ATHLETES



P.C. WALKERS



AFTER THREE



FORBIDDEN!



M.B. SHINES

PREPARATORY DIVERSIONS

DREAMS LIVES

Francesca Bellini





Publications

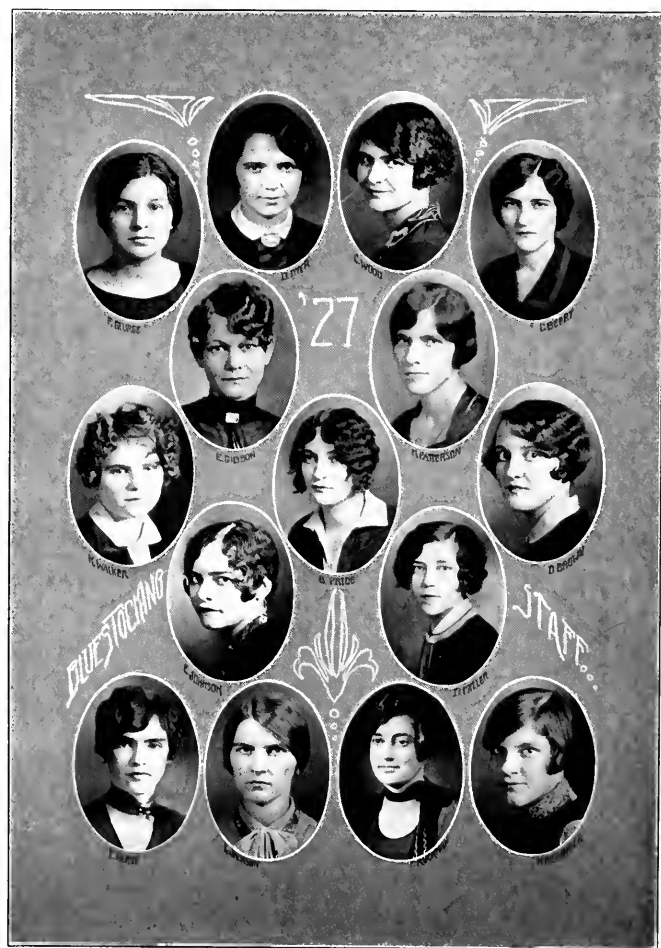
Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes

Cock and The Fox: DRYDEN.



Bluestocking Staff

DOROTHY DYER	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
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Central Interscholastic Press Association



1926

This is to Certify that

The Bluestocking
**Was rated as an All-American Yearbook in the
Sixth National Contest of the Association**

Awarded at the

University of Wisconsin

September, 1926

Grant M. Pytle
Allen M. Patterson
Chilton R. Bush
Directors C. I. P. A.

For the second time in succession, THE BLUESTOCKING was entered in a national contest conducted by the Central Interscholastic Press Association (founded in 1921 by the School of Journalism in the University of Wisconsin), and received national honors. In 1925, the staff was presented with a wall plaque of brown leather, which bears in gold letters, "The Bluestocking" and "All-American Rating." In 1926, the staff was presented with a certificate, the facsimile of which appears above. In 1925, out of 418 annuals entered in the contest, sixty-one rated "All-American," which means that the book portrays the life of the school in a distinctive and comprehensive manner. Below the All-American Honor-Rating are four other grades. In the first group are books which are superior but lack distinction. Books of the second grade are good, but marred by flaws. Books of the third grade are designated as commonplace, and in the fourth group are placed books that have failed to make the best of their material. Out of the possible 1,000 points, the 1925 BLUESTOCKING won 856 plus 100 points bonus for keeping within the budget. In 1926, 100 of the 489 yearbooks submitted from the leading colleges and high schools received honor rating. THE BLUESTOCKING not only kept its honor rating, but gained seventy-four points, or in other words, made 930 points plus 100 points for financial success. We congratulate Margaret Scott, editor of the 1925 BLUESTOCKING, and Dorothy Curry, editor of the 1926 BLUESTOCKING, on their successful books. The constant ambition of the 1927 editor has been to keep up the stride that her predecessors set. Here's hoping that the 1927 BLUESTOCKING will win 1,000 points out of 1,000!

The Making of the Book

SCENE—*Scholarly-looking room with blackboarded walls. Flat-armed chairs grouped around table, littered with paper, pencils, books, etc.; food occupying prominent place. Five people are discovered seated around table, talking. Bell rings, offstage.*

MISS PRICE: Oh, my dear, what time is that? Ten? Let's go on——

DOLLY: Clara, have you got the Senior grinds?

CLARA: Yep, I got one—about Dot Hisey's diamond.

PAT: That's a pretty ring.

MISS PRICE: Well, let's go on. How about the statistics, Dorothy?

DOLLY: K. See got the most brilliant.

MISS PRICE: Shall we have pictures or——

CLARA: Nothing I'll have to do, please.

ELISE: Lazy!

CLARA: I'm not lazy. Listen to this: "The aims of this club are to increase and intensify through the median of fellowship——"

ELISE (*loudly*): Listen to this joke.

CLARA: I'm trying to read, Elise.

ELISE: Well, so'm I, trying to talk.

CLARA: Miss Price wants to hear me.

ELISE: You don't, do you, Miss Price?

MISS PRICE: Oh, my dear—let us go on. Now, what about the "sub" for the domestic science Seniors?

CLARA: Oh, I know!—(*at board, illustrating*). Let's have a figure and clouds and steeples——

PAT: Thumbs down.

CLARA: Well, wait—spires.

ELISE: Where? in the clouds?

CLARA (*nastily*): No, on the steps with——

DOLLY: No steps in the clouds.

MISS PRICE: Girls, let us go on.

(*All is quiet. Pat pretends to think. Miss Price removes glasses. Dolly turns pages in annual. Elise and Clara make faces and pop gum.*)

PAT (*inspired*): I'll look up a synonym.

CLARA: What for?

PAT: Seniors, of course.

ELISE: Ancient!

CLARA: I move we have a gray-headed lady——

DOLLY: Crazy, now we got to quit fooling——

CLARA: Not fooling.

PAT: S-s-s-h-h——

MISS PRICE (*reaching for hot dog from box*): Well, now, how about this——

CLARA: There's too much mustard on this hot dog. Let's get Eskimo pies next time.

PAT: Personally, I prefer hot dogs, but anything suits me.

DOLLY: Listen, now, we must get to work.

MISS PRICE: Oh, my dear, yes—11:30.

(*A grand shuffling of papers—and feet.*)

(*And so far into the night.*)

Miscellany Staff

ELEANOR B. ADAMS.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
FRANCES JENKINS.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
ELSIE GRAY HUME.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
KATHARINE A. SEE.....	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
BESSIE LEWIS.....	<i>Advertising Editor</i>
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JEAN LUCAS.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
MARY GARLAND TAYLOR.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
MISS FANNIE STRAUSS.....	<i>Humor Editor</i>
MISS FLORA STUART.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>



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MILDRED MOORE *Assistant Editor*

REBECCA PRICE

LAURA BROWN

MARY ELIZABETH BOYD

} *Associates*

MISS FLORA STUART *Faculty Adviser*

The Campus Comments is Mary Baldwin's own newspaper—not a legitimate newspaper, but merely comments of and for the campus. Since its big sister, *The Miscellany*, is forced to make few (but impressive) appearances, *The Campus Comments* gives everyone a chance to publish her promises of coming genius, light or otherwise. Although it has passed but its second birthday, it by no means "struggles for existence." It gets out two issues each month promptly and fairly bursting with news, jokes, and what-not little bits of everything. *The Campus Comments* is of the student body, by the student body, and for the student body—and consequently is of interest mainly to them. Therefore, the greatest compliment it can receive is to be called the representative of the girls of Mary Baldwin.

Prizes for Bluestocking Work

Best short story, offered by Palais Royal, won by

NETTIE DUBOSE JUNKIN

Best poem, offered by Beverley Book Company, won by

KATHARINE ALLYN SEE

Best kodak picture, offered by H. L. Lang and Co., won by

ELSIE GRAY HUME

Best joke, offered by BLUESTOCKING Staff, won by

ELISE GIBSON

Best art work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by

ELIZABETH MASON HILL

First honorable mention

ROBENA MARSHALL PRICE

Second honorable mention

SAINT CLAIR SMITH

Without the Gate



THE pig pen was empty and deserted; no disconsolate ducks paddled across the ice of the tiny pond; the stable of *liu*, the mule, had fallen in at one corner, where straw had been pulled from the roof for fuel. To Da Boa, sitting in the sunniest spot he could find, the world was filled only with gnawing vacancy and irritating crying. He felt so queer inside. He had often been hungry before, but this was different. A sort of dizziness and lethargy had him. He didn't much care about anything. There was no food left in the house. If he had to die, he would rather die now in the warm sun.

Six months before, he had cared; had even fought the men who had come to take her away, his little sister, into a life of slavery in Shanghai. "Hey," the big man had said, holding the struggling boy at arm's length, "take him off, can't you?" Da Boa hated him. He was glad he had kicked the boy's stomach, even though the man had kicked back. Father had laid restraining hands on him. "Would you that we should all perish, my son? She will be kept alive in Shanghai, at any rate, and we shall have her price that we also may live." Da Boa had run around the house when they took her out, crying and clinging to her mother. "Mamé, mamé, I want you!" Da Boa, at the remembrance, dug his fingers in his ears to shut out the sound. She had been a shy little thing and rather pretty in a round, country fashion.

There was that wailing again. Da Boa crouched closer in his rags there in the early spring sun. The mud and straw walls of the tiny, thatched roofed hut were friendly. Again the wail. It was growing weaker every day. Da Boa hoped that the baby would soon die. There was no food for it. Why should it live? He heard his father's voice within, cursing—his mother's praying before the gaudy kitchen god posted to the wall above the fireless earthen stove. She even beat her head against the ground in her desperate kow-towing. What was the use, thought Da Boa. They had eaten the ducks long ago, and the dog and the mule. They had sold all except the bed and that was worth nothing, standing worm eaten, rough-hewn, rope-strung in the dark, smoke blackened corner. There were so few quilts now that the ropes cut at night as the four of them lay close for warmth.

There was nothing to eat, nothing now except willow bark and the dry bean stalks that his mother had ground on her stone hand mill; ground, moistened and pressed into little cakes. Somehow Da Boa didn't feel as though he could swallow another mouthful of it. He had gnawed it for a long time—he couldn't quite think how long now—and his throat felt raw and scoured. It made him cough. Da Boa rose and unsteadily made his way to the pond. He sucked some of its ice. Perhaps it would give him a fever and he would die sooner. The coldness of it numbed his burning throat. He crawled back, tired with the effort.

Dimly he knew that the baby had stopped its wailing. He looked out dazedly over the bare village threshing floor. A few old hand flails stood brokenly against a neighbor's house. Beyond them the road ran by, rutted and frozen, and yet there had been little travel. Two years of flood, no harvests for two years! They had hoped after the first summer's loss of wheat and corn that the next year would be good. A few sweet potatoes, dried by the sun, had tied them over, but the July rains had been heavy and the river again overflowed. They had sacrificed the village cocks to its yellow waters, wringing their necks and hurling them in. The gods had not been appeased. Now there was no grain for the spring planting. Even the mice had fled, starved out.

Quiet continued in the hut. Da Boa fell asleep, a sort of dizzy sleep, haunted by nightmares. Horrible figures whirled about him with red and black streaked faces, bulging eyes, distorted mouths and menacing sharp swords. They stuck them into him. Da Boa awoke to shooting pain.

Some one passed the threshing floor, a man and a woman. They plodded wearily. Da Boa wondered where they might be going. He heard them mention food. His heart jumped within him. Food—"Where?" he cried out suddenly, and stopped, startled at his own hoarse voice. The man turned slow, hopeless eyes. "In Pichow, she says," he answered slowly with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder at the woman. "Yes," she put in, "they say that the foreigners from America are giving out money and food at Pichow. We don't know but we might as well die there as here. Certainly we are starving here."

"I will go too," said Da Boa.

His parents were soon told. He found his mother, dry-eyed over a stiffened baby. Since it was dead and so very small, it must have been a changeling sent by the torturing gods. To show grief would only delight them more. His father only grunted from the bed where he had drawn himself.

So the journey began. Three days it took them to make the short distance. Every step felt to Da Boa as though it would be his last. The night before they reached Pichow they spent under the rickety mat shed of an inn. Da Boa parted with all but his gummy sacking for a drink of warm tea and a cake of compressed beans the next morning. It gave him strength. Noonday was upon them before the black walls of Pichow loomed before them. Over the stone bridge crossing the river bed they dragged, every step a numb pain, a tearing effort. The massive, brass-studded gates stood unguarded.

"The place is just two streets on," someone directed them. Yes, they could see the crowd already, crying out, pushing. Above the surging black heads a fair one flared, and he in white shirt sleeves handed out food. "Keep back, keep back," a vigorous voice shouted. "One at a time. There's plenty. Careful—you're stepping on that child—stop." The high gate house of the church became a haven, a consummation of all desires. Food was there. Food—they rushed.

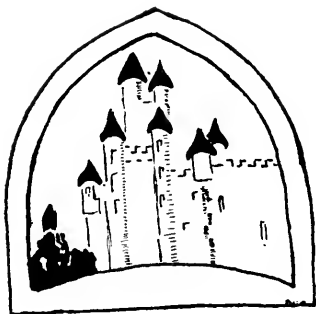
Da Boa made a frantic effort. A tall man stood in front of him. He jumped and clung to the man's broad shoulders. The crowd pushed. They swayed back and forth as one person, close packed, dizzy and crazed. The man was jostled to the wall. Almost there! Then suddenly the big, bony frame slipped. Da

Boa's head cracked against the wall. A limp figure slid to the steps. The crowd went on. Night came.

Sunday morning the missionary's child came out of the big gate. Her red coat was buttoned tightly under a rosy chin. She halted. Suddenly, Da Boa's gunny sack had fallen beneath him and now he lay stretched out, every bone in pitiful relief under yellow, sunken skin. The little girl's eyes held a strange, sad comprehension, beyond the experience her years should have known. Cold crept over her heart and a strictured feeling. Her mother came up. "Don't look, dear," she said.

"Oh, mamma," the child sobbed, "oh, mamma," and clung to her skirts.

—NETTIE D. JUNKIN.



Prize Poems

SELVES

You are not I, though like; you are another,
Who died not long ago giving birth to me.
Life was my sire; your legacy, O Mother,
A likeness to you both—and memory.

I have soon grown. Now *my* life is my lover
(Oh, I have much to hold in memory!);
And I, too, shall die soon—the same tale over—
And leave another child the legacy.

THE BLACKING-CASE

Every morning,
With new washed face,
I knelt in the hall
At the blacking-case.

Ducking my head
I hurried to say
My "Make me a good
Little girl today."

But one bright morning
I ran to the hall,
And there stood a visitor
Proper and tall.

I scuttled away
Without saying my prayer!
But how could I pray
With a visitor there?

And how could I reach
The throne of Grace
Without the aid
Of the blacking-case?

—KATHARINE A. SEE.



DRINK
PODOLSKIS



III III M.B. IDEALS III III



JUST A GLIMPSE



3 MONKEYS



WHEN THINGS BEGIN -
TO -
SLIP -



SCENE FROM BELOW



THORNROSE



AFTER MAIL CALL



M.B. ORCHESTRA

THE BEST AND THE GOOD

1 Athletics

*What was my dream? A heath, starlit and wide,
With marching giants marshalled to and fro
As if for strife!*

What Was My Dream: JOSEPH O'CONNOR





Thanksgiving Spirit



Whites and Yellows

The division of the student body into White and Yellow teams is one of the school's time-honored traditions, and as a tradition it commands our utmost respect and loyalty. It epitomizes the spirit of democracy that has long constituted one of Mary Baldwin's primary assets. Paradoxically as it may sound, after the previous statement, it produces also the spirit of rivalry which affords the school a source of endless excitement.

The apex of excitement occurs Thanksgiving morning when reveille is sounded by cheers from the loyal supporters of the White and Yellow basketball teams. The campus resounds with rah, rah, rahs, till eleven, when the teams, boosted by their rooters, march to the gym. This first basketball game between the Whites and Yellows in common parlance starts off our Thanksgiving festivities. This system of competition is equally prevalent in all athletics—hockey, basketball, baseball, tennis, and track.

The Athletic Council sponsors and supervisors the sporting department in the school, and to this organization falls the task of assigning girls to their teams. It is in order to qualify each member of the Athletic Association for participation in all sports that this system is carried out. Every year tournaments in the five major sports are staged between the Whites and Yellows. The victorious team or individual is presented a trophy and the records are set down in the annals of the Athletic Council.

Basketball-Yellow Team



M. Houl, Center; R. Stone, Guard; R. White, Forward; E. G. Hume, Guard;
M. Moore, Forward; M. Patterson, S. Center (C)

Athletic Calendar

October 6—Annual organization of Athletic Association. Election of officers for 1926-27. Virginia Wood and Frances Jenkins elected to the council.

October 11—Entertained New Council Members.

October 12—Athletic Association entertained at movies.

October 13—Meeting of Athletic Association. Division of Yellow and White teams.

November 6—First Hockey game. Won by Yellows.

November 13—Final hockey game.
Won by Yellows.

November 25—Thanksgiving
basketball game. Won by Yellows.

November 25—Second team bas-
ketball game. Won by Yellows.

December 3—Basketball game.
Won by Whites.

December 3—Second team bas-
ketball game. Won by Whites.



Basketball-White Team



F. Jenkins, Guard; E. Hume, Guard; M. Matthews, Forward; B. Henderson, Forward;
V. Harnsberger, S. Center; L. Walker, Center (C)

Athletic Calendar

December 3—Second team basketball game. Won by Whites.

December 9—Final Basketball game. Won by Yellows.

December 9—Final second team basketball game. Won by Whites.

December 13—Hockey squads entertained by Council at movies.

February 1—Council-Cabinet banquet and entertainment.

February 22—Council entertained basketball teams at movie and party in girls' parlor.



April 1—Athletic Association meeting. New council members elected to council.

April 3—Athletic Association conducted Y. W.

April 30—Track meet. Baseball game.

May 6—Final student body party.

Second Basketball Teams



R. Price, E. Toomer, J. Hull, J. Rockwell,
D. Bibb, A. Harman (C)

J. Symons, G. Gowen, A. J. Wilson,
S. Frances, M. Grant, B. Brown (C)

Yellow Yells

Cheer the team as it comes on the floor.
It's the team that will roll up the score.
The guards get the ball every time
And pass it down the line.
The centers will pass it with vim
To the forwards who always get it in.
And we will be true to the end
To the team who fought so bravely for
the Yellows.

Mary Baldwin Yellows, that's our name.
Fighting for victory, that's how we won
our fame.

In every line of sporting we rise to the
sky,
But we have to doff our hats to you, our
rival Whites.

White Whoops

Oh, we're the team they call the Whites
And we surely can play.
We run the score 'way out of sight,
And we will win today.
We'll weep for those poor Yellows,
So raise the White umbrella.
Oh, we're the team they call the Whites
And we will win today.

I wish I had a little red box
To put the Yellows in.
I'd take them out and (spank, spank,
spank)
And put them back again.

I wish I had a little red box
To put the White team in.
I'd take them out and (kiss, kiss, kiss)
And put them back again.

Hockey Team



YELLOWS

WHITES



IN ACTION



LITTLE "TY"



WELL SPONSORED



M.B. "BOBBY"



ON THE LOWER COURT



READY! GO!



YELLOW HOCKEY TEAM



THE TOSS UP



ACROSS THE NET



WHAT! NO GOAL?



WHITE HOCKEY TEAM

ON THE FIELD

CLUBS and ORGANIZATIONS

Dreams arose holy put in action; work grows fair through starry dreaming

Philip and Mildred; Adelaide A. Proctor.



Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>President</i>
MARY TERRELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGUERITE DUNTON	<i>Secretary</i>
CAROLINE WOOD	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS JANIE W. MCGAUGHEY	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

CHAIRMAN AND COMMITTEES

DEVOTIONAL

MARGORIE TROTTER, *Chairman*
 ELSIE GRAY HUME
 EVELYN SALE
 KATHARINE SEL
 REBECCA WHITE
 CORINNE DANIEL

RUTH STONE

ELISE GIBSON
 DOROTHY HAMILL
 JUDITH GORDAN
 LOIS WALKER
 MILDRED LOWNER
 KATHLEEN SULTAN
 LUELLA TORRENCE
 MARGARET PATTERSON

SOCIAL

KATHERINE MACDONALD, *Chm'n*
 VIRGINIA RIDDLEBERGER
 NANCY DAY
 ELEANOR DANIEL

ENTERTAINMENT

ZULA MORAN, *Chairman*
 DOROTHY RUMPE
 MILDRED ROBERTS
 JEAN HANKINS
 LENA MCADEN
 FRANCES JENKINS
 MABEL HENEBERGER
 JOSEPHINE HULL
 LOUISE HANCOCK

PROGRAM

CLARA BEERY, *Chairman*
 HELEN BAYLOR
 ELIZABETH WOODS
 MARY DRAPER
 VIRGINIA BURKE
 MARGARET BOWEN

SOCIAL SERVICE

HELEN STRONG, *Chairman*
 VIRGINIA WOOD
 ELIZABETH T. JOHNSON
 JANE CONSTABLE
 JANI McCLURE

FINANCE

LOIS SCHOONOVER, *Chairman*
 ANNE MACDONALD
 ANNIE B. McCLAIN
 MARTHA McDAVID
 LILLIAN CARMICHAEL
 MARGARET WATTS

PUBLICITY

BENA PRICE, *Chairman*
 ELIZABETH HILL
 KATHERINE WALKER
 MARIE GORDON MACDONALD
 ST. CLAIR SMITH
 KATHERINE ROBERTSON

STUDENT FRIENDSHIP

ELEANOR ADAMS, *Chairman*
 JOSEPHINE SYMONS
 MARTHA HOOD
 GRACE FRIEND
 BETTY HENDERSON
 FLORENCE BANTLEY
 MIRIAM HUGHES

MUSIC

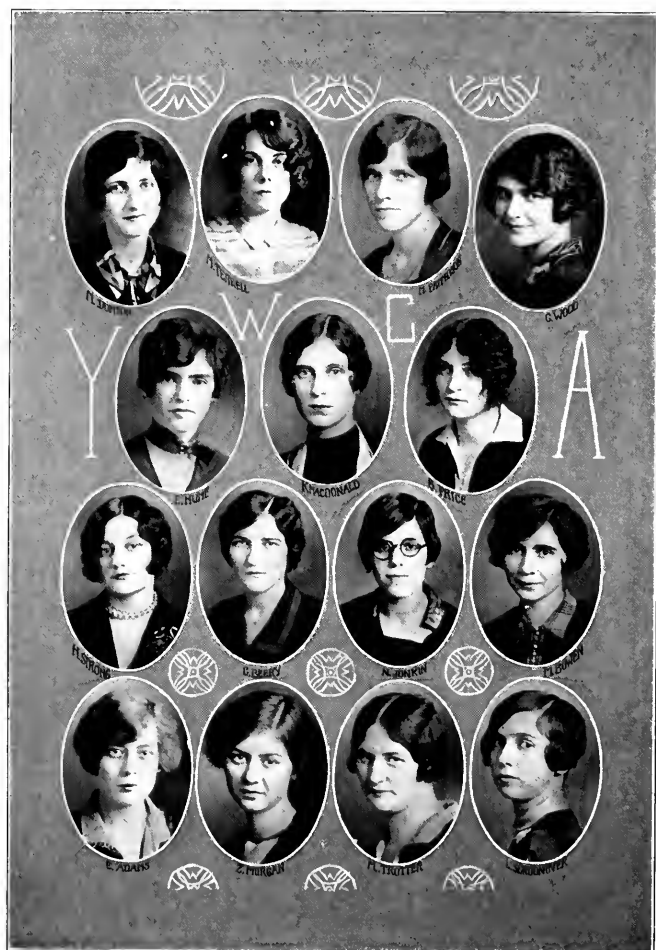
NETTIE JUNKIN, *Chairman*
 MARGUERITE DUNTON
 HELEN STRONG

ROOM

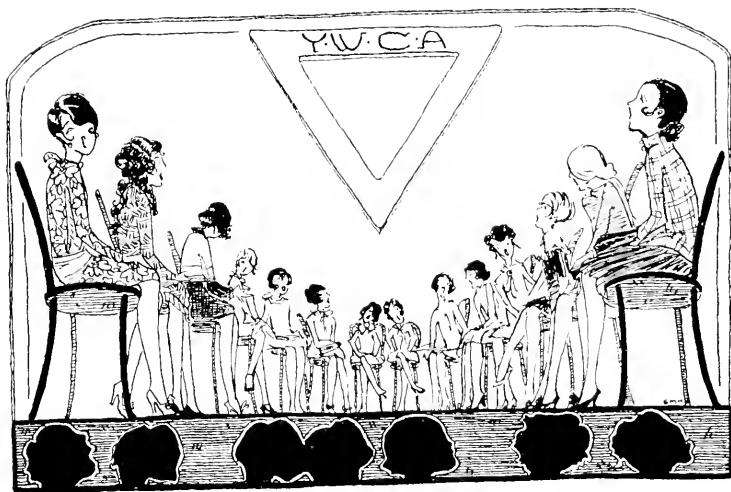
MARGARET BOWEN, *Chairman*
 RUTH STONE
 ANNA C. McMAHON
 LOUISE BOWEN
 REBECCA CONSTABLE
 MILDRED BAGLEY

WORLD FELLOWSHIP

ELIZABETH HUME, *Chairman*
 DOROTHY MILLER
 ELIZABETH SMITH
 FRANCES STALLY
 MAURINE TULLY
 VIVIAN HARNSEBERGER







I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.
JOHN 10:10.



ALWAYS and in all places youth has cried out for life—restlessly seeking through new experiences to know and to have more and more life. And because there are those who have had the vision to see that this restless force can be fully satisfied and glorified only in Jesus' name, the Young Woman's Christian Association has made the abundant fulfilling of life through Christ, the key note of all its activities. To the youth of the world, eagerly demanding "we would see life!" Jesus of Nazareth, whose own life is the light of men, calls across the years the ringing challenge "I am come that ye might have life . . . follow Me!"

The Y. W. C. A. at Mary Baldwin seeks, in and through all the varied interests of our student world, to answer that challenge so that to each girl it touches may come the vital and abiding conviction that the Christ-like life is the fullest, the richest, the greatest of all ways. The opportunities here for realizing this purpose are most abundant in that, for a number of years every girl in school has been a member of the Y. W. C. A. and because the work of its various committees touches upon every phase of personal and school life—physical, mental and spiritual.

Every week the cabinet which is composed of the officers and committee chairmen, meets to discuss the active interests and problems in the school and to plan, how best the work of the Y. W. C. A. may be carried on, by cabinet and committees, in relation to them. The needs of the students for 'good times' and 'daily bread,' for friendship, worship, power, vision, prayer and song and for continual growth into His likeness—all these things the Y. W. C. A. strives to meet in the best possible way. And so there are welcoming dances and 'big sisters' for the new girls, magazines and flowers for the sick, the cake store for the hungry, teas and garden parties for the sociable, informal dances and Saturday night entertainments for the work-weary, and attractive posters of them all for those who would know what is going to happen next. Brief "Morning Watch" services are held in the girls' parlor every Thursday morning to "start the day aright," pageants and interesting speakers serve to inculcate a stronger, more sympathetic sense of world fellowship; and every Sunday evening the Y. W. C. A. meets in chapel or out on the hillside to worship together through music, prayer and earnest consideration of what it means to us today to live the Christ-like life. Finally, because we find that this life is primarily one of service, we give of our money, efforts, and prayers in the support of three Near-East orphans, and a scholarship for a girl in our Home Mission school at Crossmore, N. C., we prepare Thanksgiving boxes to send to the negro orphanage near town, we sing carols and play Santa Claus to some of the needy children around Staunton at Christmas time, we send clothes to the Near-East Relief, and contribute to the maintenance of a room at the King's Daughters' Hospital.

Yes, the activities of the Y. W. C. A. at Mary Baldwin are many, varied and far-reaching. But the initiating and sustaining purpose of them all is that, growing in mind, body and spirit, we might realize in ourselves and in others that "more abundant life" that Jesus came to give us, and that we might be guided therein "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit," saith the Lord of hosts!



NEAR-EAST ORPHANS SUPPORTED BY MARY BALDWIN Y. W. C. A.

The Cotillion Club



Left to right, first row: H. Strong, M. Terrell, M. Tully, Miss Morse, K. Macdonald, L. Schoonover, M. Roberts. Second row: J. Robinson, B. Stokes, E. Johnson, J. Hull, M. Hughes, D. Rumpf, A. Macdonald, M. McDavid. Third row: N. Day, E. Sales, A. C. McMahon, M. Bowen, E. Williams, C. Wood, G. Bozarth, M. Campbell. Fourth row: L. Carmichael, F. Boudurant, J. Gordan, Z. Morgan, L. Hopson, J. Constable, M. Macdonald. Fifth row: St. C. Smith, C. Daniel, K. Robertson, L. Winfree, G. Garden, G. Baldwin, M. Trotter, R. White. Sixth row: E. Daniel, B. Stone, R. Constable, M. B. Havey, C. Morrow, M. H. Kenner, L. McAllister. Seventh row: M. Hood, E. Adams, H. Taggart, F. Bantley, M. Dunton, H. Farenholt, A. B. McClam. Eighth row: F. Jenkins, L. McAden, V. Wood, L. Hancock, M. Watts, M. Draper, K. Walker.

OFFICERS

MAURINE TULLY	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE MACDONALD	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS LYDIA MORSE	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>



SEEING that the various institutions in our vicinity are not to be honored by our presence, some clever mind, in the years gone by, devised a plan by which those of us who are socially inclined may satisfy our craving for "tripping the light fantastic" to the sounds of rhythmic jazz, supplemented by a background of effective decorations, ravishing gowns, polished floors, and charming chaperones; and ever since then the Cotillion Club has held an indisputably prominent position among the school organizations. As it is the only club in school dedicated solely to the happy task of finding enjoyment in social life, the formal dances it holds several times during the course of the year are real events that furnish a source of pleasure with which we would be loathe ever to dispense.

Sock and Buskin Club



Left to right, seated: J. Robinson, H. Farinholt, C. Beery, L. Hopson, E. G. Hume, H. McGhie, E. Adams, R. Messick. Left to right, standing: M. Sibbet, G. Gowen, R. Cohron, F. Bondurant, E. Muddendorf, M. Bowen, M. Roberts, L. Schoonover, E. Richardson, E. Wenger, N. Camp, L. Wmfree.

OFFICERS

ELSIE GRAY HUME	<i>President</i>
LOIS SCHOONOVER	<i>Vice-President</i>
CLARA BEERY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
ELEANOR ADAMS	<i>Critic</i>
MISS EUNICE COX	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>



THE Sock and Buskin Club has concluded another very successful year in a way that has achieved for it a high place among the school organizations, and the distinction of being very much alive and worth while. The club is made up of members of the Expression Department, who, with the faculty adviser, get together every two weeks on Thursday afternoon for an interesting and enthusiastic meeting. The numerous phases of dramatic work which cannot be included in private and class room work are taken up in the club through lectures, reports, readings and practice of rehearsal plays. The development of drama and of its various forms is discussed, together with the production and direction of play. Not only has the club itself shown a keen interest in dramatics but it has stimulated a real enthusiasm for "things dramatic" throughout the whole student body.

The Choral Club



Left to right, seated: B. Henderson, H. Strong, J. Watson, M. Duntun, M. Loewner, E. Richardson, K. Sultan, D. Hamel, G. Huddleston, F. Condit, L. Winfree. Standing: J. Hankins, M. Watts, M. Heneberger, Z. Morgan, L. Walker, E. Hunt, A. B. McClain, C. Gochenour, A. Young, I. Scales, L. Bowen, C. Travers, L. Torrence. Accompanist: Miss Kiester. Director: Miss Schoolar.

OFFICERS

HELEN STRONG	<i>President</i>
MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
MILDRED LOEWNER	<i>Treasurer</i>
NETTIE JUNKIN	<i>Librarian</i>
ELIZABETH WENGER	<i>Assistant Librarian</i>
LOIS WALKER	<i>Chairman Social Committee</i>
MISS NORMA SCHOOLAR	<i>Director</i>
MISS PEARLE KIESTER	<i>Accompanist</i>



THE Choral Club can justly claim an important place among us, due to its commendable achievement in bringing the school into a closer, more appreciative contact with music and song. Under the splendid leadership of Miss Schoolar, no effort has been omitted to fill the whole school life with the happiness and fine spirit that comes when we all sing together. Nor is the Club's work limited to the school alone. As a splendid tribute to our Staunton friends, and the neighboring institutions, carols are sung each during the Christmas season.

Le Cercle Français



Left to right, seated: K. Robertson, F. G. Horst, M. Sibbet, N. Waddell, N. Camp, C. Wood, D. Rumpf, G. Friend. Standing: M. Draper, J. Watson, W. Nichols, C. Morrow, L. Brown, B. Stone, A. B. Carroll, L. Jackson, M. Loewner, N. E. Johnson, L. Hancock, M. Campbell, Miss Volkhardt, St. C. Smith, L. Carmichael, B. Stokes, L. Bergman, E. Griffy.

OFFICERS

MARY CAMPBELL	<i>Présidente</i>
STE. CLAIRE SMITH	<i>Vice-Présidente</i>
LOUIS HANCOCK	<i>Secrétaire</i>
LOUIS BERGMAN	<i>Trésorière</i>
MILLES. VOLKHARDT ET LORCH	<i>Conseillaires</i>



N voit au-dessus une réunion du Cercle Français de Mary Baldwin Collège et Préparatoire. Tous les mardis à cinq heures, on se retrouve au parloir pour donner de petites pièces, une conférence—très courte bien sûr; ou tout simplement pour chanter de vieilles chansons de France et jouer des jeux, car le but du cercle est de faire avancer la connaissance de la France en familiarisant les étudiantes avec la langue et les coutumes françaises.

Les officiers président aux séances, et toutes les affaires sont discutées en français. Les affaires réglées, les membres s'occupent du programme et la partie récréative a lieu. A la fin de l'année scolaire le Cercle donne un banquet Franco-Américain et la présence du drapeau étoilé à côté du tricolore nous rappelle la douce amitié qui existe entre nous deux pays, et la Marseillaise mêle ses à ceux du Star-Spangled Banner.

El Círculo Castellano



Left to right, seated: F. Ballenger, E. Ames, M. Hood, E. Gibson, D. Race. Second row: B. Wright, A. Macdonald, M. E. Brown, M. McDavid, E. Spinks, J. Lucas, C. Crafton, M. Rutherford, D. Curry, J. Hunt, C. Daniel, Miss Campbell, E. Tate. Third row: V. Brooks, D. Naff, V. Jordan, E. Hesser, J. Anthony, H. Bollinger, R. Naff, N. Gaw.

OFFICERS

DOROTHY CURRY	<i>Presidente</i>
JENNIE HUNT	<i>Vice-Presidente</i>
ELIZABETH HESSER	<i>Vice-Presidente</i>
CORINNE DANIEL	<i>Secretaria</i>
FLORENCE BANTLEY	<i>Tesorera</i>
SENORITA MILDRED CAMPBELL	<i>Patrona</i>



EL CIRCULO CASTELLANO se forma por las estudiantes de español del Colegio de Mary Baldwin. Cualquiera alumna del departamento de español puede ser socia del círculo mediante una participación diligente. El objeto de las reuniones, que se celebran todos los lunes de las cuatro a las cinco de la tarde, es para fomentar el interés por el español en nuestro colegio y para facilitar el uso práctico de la lengua española. Los programas preparados para cada vez consisten en comedias, juegos, bailes, canciones, discos de fonógrafo españoles investigaciones de países españoles mediante portaobjetos y cuadros de la Unión Panamericana, y discusiones de artículos de *La Prensa*. Los actos y los registros se escriben en español y recuerdos se dan como premios.

Psychology Club



Left to right, seated: N. Junkin, H. Bedinger, A. C. McMahon, M. Terrell, M. E. Richardson, E. Richcreek, D. Hisey, E. Gibson, K. See, L. Jackson, C. Beery, F. George, M. Duntun, D. Dyer. Standing: E. Brown, H. Baylor, M. Tully, F. Ruckman, E. G. Hume, M. Bowen, M. Patterson, E. Hume, Miss Price, K. Macdonald, E. Adams, M. Trotter, D. Curry, C. Wood, M. E. Brown, M. Ruth erford, D. Miller.

OFFICERS

ELISE GIBSON	<i>President</i>
KATHARINE SEE	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY HISEY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS ALICE D. PRICE	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>



THE Psychology Club is a new feature at Mary Baldwin. It was organized in the latter part of November with the Educational Psychology students as charter members. Other students, after maintaining a higher degree of scholarship in the psychology department, were welcomed into the membership of the club. The chief aim is to bring before the students in the department, the many applications and theories of psychology and topics of interest that, because of limited time, the regular class work cannot touch upon. The chief means toward the attainment of this goal have been splendid lectures delivered by speakers from the neighboring universities and institutions, who choose as their subjects problems interesting to every college student and which have a direct and vital bearing upon some some branch of Psychology.

Preparatory Latin Club



Left to right, first row: M. M. Pancake, P. Woodward (secretary and treasurer), H. M. McIlne, J. Gordon (president), A. B. Carroll. Second row: J. Constable, N. Trott, L. Bergman, D. Brown, E. Woods. Third row: E. Carleton, M. Rowland, A. Harman, B. Nethken, M. Mountcastle, D. Bibb, L. Hancock. Fourth row: S. Simonds, V. Wood, N. Day, L. McArlen, D. Rumpf, P. Shaffer. Fifth row: K. Jones, M. Rose, E. Harman, E. Hardesty, K. Jordan, G. Gowen, B. Stone, R. Constable.

OFFICERS

JUDITH GORDON	<i>President</i>
PAULINE WOODWARD	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS FANNIE STRAUSS	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

THE Latin Club was reorganized February 14, 1927 and is open to all students in the Caesar, Cicero and Virgil classes in the preparatory department. Its monthly meetings are designed to stimulate interest among the members in some of the broader phases of classical study and to give them a wider knowledge of Roman literature and life, with an appreciation of the various contributions made by the Romans to our modern civilization. The members, keenly interested in the club, prepare attractive posters and tableaux for the meetings. The club meetings, made possible by the enthusiastic support of Miss Strauss, are also vitalized by the translating and singing of popular and school songs in Latin.

Red Headed Club



From left to right: D. McDonald, E. Harman, M. Evans, J. McClure, J. Lucas, Mr. King (honorary member), E. Woods, J. Gordon.



MR. KING belongs the lasting fame of having founded the first school Red-headed Club, and to Mary Baldwin belongs the honor of being that school. Some thirty years ago, at what was then the Augusta Female Seminary, Mr. William Wayt King showed definitely and finally that a certain Virginia gentleman preferred red-heads, to the joy and pride ever since of all "his girls," who have or could obtain red hair.

So old and honored is the history of this club that even its founder cannot tell exactly how it originated. But we think perhaps we may guess why it originated—just watch Mr. King on opening day and see how he greets the red-headed girls! The club is an institution now, and a famous one. Whether blondes or brunettes may be preferred at other times and places, the red-heads are undoubtedly in high favor here, and on that beautiful autumn day when Mr. King takes them for a gorgeous drive, followed by a real picnic dinner. But popular as this and all the other parties that Mr. King gives his club are, it is not those that make membership in the Red-headed Club, the pride and joy of all M. B. C. "red-heads" so much as their genial founder and patron, the Mr. King we all love.

DREAM DAYS

The tale's a fragment from the life of Dreams.

—Phantom or Fact: COLERIDGE.





Features

And all the talk is stars.

Sunset from Omaha Hotel Window : SANDBURG.





MARGARET SCOTT, 1926 MAY QUEEN

The 1926 May Fete



THE May pageant for 1926 was a replica of an Old English May Fête. The scene was laid in the market place of an old village; the occasion, the assembling of all the country-folk to celebrate the crowning of the Queen of the May.

Margaret Scott was the lovely Queen of the Fête; her maid of honor was Maurine Tully. The remainder of the Court was made up of attendants and heralds, the page, and jester.

"English Merry Making" followed. There were shouts of laughter, splashes of color, brave feats of skill, light feet moving in dance—all lending an atmosphere of glorious enchantment. Group by group the performers entered. There were folk dancers gracefully and gaily dressed; tumblers, daring in their attempted feats, lithe of movement; mammoth weight-lifters of gigantic strength, appalled with their power; pyramid builders, lightly and easily formed themselves in geometric figures; ragged chimney-sweeps were not absent; and an inevitable family of carefree gypsies strolled in with their funny lumbering old bear.

All this—while the beautiful Queen, an interested onlooker, sat enthroned above the scene, her dainty, fair attendants grouped about her. And the jester never failed to entertain the Queen and her Court with his side-splitting caprices.

May Day Procession



THE Seminary Senior Class Day—a long established and cherished custom at Mary Baldwin, was celebrated for the last time in its original form by the 1926 graduates in the various arts. From now on there will be a double class day celebrated yearly, one by the Seminary Seniors, and the other by the College Seniors—a change necessitated by growth. Both will perpetuate parts of the old tradition, adding a few changes, appropriate for each class.

This event was particularly interesting to the parents and friends of the class, and to the people of Staunton. Friends of the graduates as attendants carrying a flower chain of class colors, served as special guards through which the line of Seniors marched from the Academic Building over the campus to take their position on the steps of Hill Top for the class exercises. These involve the class history, prophecy, and song, ending with a toast to each member with an impressive cup service. This ceremony was made more individual by the uniformity of class dress and hats. Henceforth, we will have the pleasure of witnessing two attractive and individual ceremonies instead of one.

Garden Party



THE garden party wherein the Seniors shine! Lovely dresses of many hues, big drooping hats, and fragrant corsages pinned to slim figures adorned the front terrace on the afternoon of May 23rd. Each figure followed by proud attendants—"my mother and dad," with an occasional "my sister" thrown in—proceeded to the receiving line headed by Dr. Higgins and the Senior class officers. Cool white garden furniture bound in green, spotted the lawn which was displaying its first tender green. The trees had budded for the occasion and the sun sent bright beams onto the cool of the lawn. From groups scattered here and there over the lawn came snatches of introductions and greetings of friendships: "Oh, don't you remember—"; "Oh, it all comes back to me"; "I'm just thrilled to meet roomie's mother!" interjected now and again with "Do have some punch"—a general mingling and hearty atmosphere of good will.



The Art Exhibit



NE of the very important events of the school year is the Art Exhibit, which is held during commencement week, in the Girls' Parlor and the foyer just outside of it. The guests, who include the Faculty, the Seminary and College Seniors, and their friends, are received by Miss Meyer and the members of the Art Department, and conducted in groups around the improvised Art Gallery, which covers all the available space.

Reference to the catalog directs their attention to section I of the exhibit. This is comprised of the early attempts of the young untrained fingers of those in the primary grades, and the later, more developed work of the grammar grade children, done with crayons, bright paper, and colored pencils.

The next section contains the great variety of work done by the regular first-year students. There are pencil sketches of still life, bits of black and white design, and splashes of brilliant color. A large space is occupied by what at first appear to be etchings, but by consultation of the catalog one finds to be monotypes. The Art Department is very proud of this unique process, which is not often taught. From the opposite wall, Demosthenes, Clytie, and others of the ancients look down ghostily through their charcoal eyes. One passes on to examine the excellent work of the first-year students, in the form of Historic Ornament—designs from the standpoint of both Art and History.

The third section consists of the second and third year work. Here one again finds Historic Ornament, more refined in technique; together with difficult water color studies, and a panel of time sketches. The loveliest of all this section in the 1926 Art Exhibit were the Japanese prints—exquisite in their accuracy and beauty.

The Senior section of the exhibition is one of dignity and polish. Both the copies from the old masters, and the original paintings and portrait sketches call forth sincere admiration. No less interesting are the architectural models of individual rooms and whole apartments, each perfectly planned and executed.

The last section contains the department's most lasting achievement, the art work for *THE BLUESTOCKING*, all of which is done by the members of the department. Each one has a definite share in this work, yet all of it is in perfect harmony, illustrating beautifully the theme of the annual for which it was designed.

Thus the final exhibition in May shows not only the progress of the individual student, but the various steps, or types of work, by which this progress is made; and presents to the interested observer every phase of the work done in the Art Department.



The 1926 Senior Play



YOU NEVER CAN TELL—SHAW

THE Senior Class of 1926 established a new precedent at Mary Baldwin—that of presenting a play during Commencement week. The class started off with high ideals, selecting Bernard Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell." Elizabeth Roberts as Mr. Valentine, the dentist, won the affection of the cool young daughter, Gloria Clandon, played by Margaret Ward. Kathleen Goodloe made a convincing twentieth century mother and author, but almost despaired over the unconventionality of the twins. Nancy Watkins and Marguerite Weller, the twins, were cunningly naughty and an ever-present delight to the audience. Missouri Miller as the philosophical butler, and Margaret Scott as Mr. Bohun, the lawyer, were surprisingly dignified men—to say nothing of Ellen Wallace as Mr. McComas and Martha Gayhart as Mr. Crampton, who upheld strong gentlemanly rôles. Page Stuart, the dainty maid, busy with the dentist's implements, was not to be ignored. The aim of the Seniors in presenting this play was to furnish an evening of real entertainment, and at the same time gave a demonstration of their dramatic ability. Every ideal was attained, because the play certainly yielded an evening of rare entertainment and brought to light some unsuspected dramatic ability.

The New Girls Entertain



THERE is one treat in store for the old girls at Mary Baldwin. There is one surprise of which they know nothing which happens within the first few weeks of school. Such an occurrence may seem strange, as the old girls are usually the informed ones, until our new friends become acquainted with their surroundings. But this event happened to be the dance given by the new girls exclusively for the old girls. It was in the gym, whence trouped all the young ladies—both old and new—in flashy dresses with shawls covering bare shoulders and fringes eloquently dragging on the shiny floor. There was an orchestra—five pieces—and refreshments, unusually luscious and plentiful, punctuated by features—dances, songs, and impersonations. The big sisters were marshalled by little sisters, dates cherished and discussed, and programs fluttered. Each corner was crowded with eager young damsels in the search for “my fourth,” “my room-mate’s little sister.” Questions floated vaguely on the air, and identities were sought. This year the party for the old girls was an outstanding event and a brilliant success. A great deal of credit is due to those who arranged this, and to all the new girls who helped.

The Kid Party



THE Y. W.'s annual "kid party" was an auspicious event which took place on Saturday night, the thirteenth of November. The only dignitaries present were one grandfather and a nurse. Where the cunning costumes that the girls wore came from, is still a mystery. There appeared a motley crowd dressed in little boys' suits with brass buttons, in sissies' outfits, in sailor boys' uniforms, in urchins' rags, and in party dresses that any child would be enchanted to own.

No one was caused the embarrassment of not knowing what to do on arrival, for as soon as a new guest appeared, she was either caught in the whirl of "Drop the Handkerchief" or marched up to "London Bridge" to ponder—on the preferability of diamonds and Packards—if deciding on the Packards, she was only to be torn to pieces by the brilliant diamonds later in the tug. Refreshments, befitting the party, were all-day suckers.

Then the picture-man came, and after quieting and posing us becomingly, frightened us nearly to death with his big black machine. That was enough to break up any party, so back to our rooms we trod, tired, sleepy children, to dream of the party.

Sophomore - Senior



T was a cloudy day in October, when the Sophomores, with their Senior guests, also Miss Higgins, Miss Volkhardt, and Miss Harris made their memorable and never-to-be-forgotten trip to Natural Bridge. In spite of the fact that the great god Weather looked down upon us with disapproval, a more delightful and unusual experience was never had by Mary Baldwin Girls.

We looked with wonder, and a great deal of reverence, at that greatest, perhaps, of Nature's masterpieces. We felt its bigness, its strength, its beauty, its power, and the patience and care of the ages which had formed it. Instinctively our eyes turned to Heaven and the "God who moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Before our eyes in rock, century-carved, He had given to us and to all who could read—a message. Before we started homeward we feasted on a delicious luncheon at Natural Bridge Hotel. As we passed through Lexington we visited Lee's Chapel. The statue of that great man filled us with as much awe as the great bridge had done. Surely the great God had performed an even greater miracle when He gave to the world His glorious message—the undying spirit of the noble Lee.

Hallowe'en Party



THE SOCK AND BUSKIN CLUB entertained with a Hallowe'en party the evening of October thirtieth. The gym was a veritable scene of Hallowe'en glory. The lighted pumpkins, black cats, witches, profusion of orange and black peculiar to such occasions, together with branches of fall leaves, gave an air of festivity.

The guests, bedecked, unbedecked, and otherwise, came forth, for the art of the *Sock and Buskin* is celebrated and besides—a party was in the air! Our good old Jean lent music to the occasion, and if one did not dance there was an alluring gypsy who dwelt in a tent of rugs and could disclose dark facts—aye, even tall blonde facts. In another corner, a most accomodating little spirit offered to those who hungered, candied apples-on-sticks, mince pies, and ginger cookies and cider.

Time came and the motley mob came to a hush and all was dark. Accordingly, Elsie Gray Hume, president of this club, led the performers of the evening into the limelight. Three little girls, a colored mammy, and some others of such histrionic ability, rendered the audience fairly uncomfortable and shivery with their tales of night life at Hallowe'en.

"Overtones"—Alice Gerstenberg



FOR several years it has been the custom of *The Miscellany* staff to present a group of plays, the object being to obtain funds for the publishing of the magazine and to offer something of real worth for the enjoyment of the Mary Baldwin faculty and student body. They gave, this year, an evening of one-act plays. The first, entitled "And the Lamp Went Out," by Jessie P. Pierce was a very amusing pantomime. The characters, with Bessie Lewis as Mrs. DeVere, Jean Lucas as Evelyn DeVere, Katharine See as Ralph Grayson, Frances Jenkins as Herbert Vanderslice, and Eleanor Adams as the reader, interpreted the rôles with artistic understanding. "Thursday Evening," by Christopher Morley, was a domestic comedy of unusual truth and insight. E. G. Hume, as the handsome husband, A. C. McMahon as the lovable if not ideal wife, and K. See and M. G. Taylor as the mothers-in-law, well conveyed the humor and realism of the play. "Overtones," by Alice Gerstenberg, more sophisticated in theme than the others, was a drama of character study. Jean Lucas and Elizabeth Hill as overtones and Eleanor Adams and Elsie Gray Hume as their respective souls, played opposite, suggesting a spiritual atmosphere and charming the audience by the delicacy of the presentation.



Sophomore Circus



THE Sophomore Class furnished an evening of very original and amusing entertainments on November twenty-seventh when a gay group of colleens in fluffy green dresses and stiff white caps, a band of gypsies with jingling, red and black, and varicolored beads, a frolicking monkey, a dainty tight-rope walker, a bare-back rider, and a goodly number of clowns in hilarious costume—all marched in circus style to the convenient gym, decorated in green and gold. The Shamrock Circus boasted a large menagerie of many-colored, many-spotted animals, all properly caged; a group of truly talented musicians, and two rings. This was the feature which particularly delighted the audience and was the pride of the performers. The usual buzz of conversation died into a hush of expectancy as the grand parade entered the arena and marched about the rings in time to exhilarating music. The haughty ring-master led the line while the monkey and clowns, gambolling at will, kept the audience in laughter.

Observing formal etiquette, the ring-master announced events—fortune-telling, a dance, a horse race, a performance by a tight-rope walker, and tricks of the animals, the monkey exhibiting the most talent. And so they played—and once again resumed their dignity.

The Junior - Freshman Tea



On the nineteenth day of November the Juniors, in the vernacular of the word-starved society editor, "very delightfully entertained" their little sister class—the Freshmen. And in regard to the excellency of the entertainment, the same editor might say with entire adherence to veracity, "the affair was one of the most brilliant of the fall season."

Donning our best bibs and tuckers, the class, with the Freshman's characteristic promptness, arrived practically en masse, at the school parlors. The Junior Class dignitaries with their sponsor and Miss Higgins, had formed a receiving line, at which, I'll own, we wavered, feeling terribly grown up and important meanwhile. Two minutes was about the time it took, though, for the party to lose forever its formal aspect. Conversation, if not exactly brilliant, proved entertaining, and the refreshments, temptingly dainty viands, served by very thoughtful and attentive sister Juniors, satisfied the most fastidious collegiate.

We must not forget the explosion—the most startling event of the afternoon. Calm your fears, 'twas only Mr. Photographer's flashlight powder, which resulted in a most charming picture, we hope—and gave us all an excuse to eat another sandwich.

M. B. C. - S. M. A. Lawn Party



HO said the Mary Baldwin girls and the S. M. A. boys have no dealings? The idea that the Mary Baldwin girls must cautiously peer through curtained windows in order to catch a fleeting glimpse of their S. M. A. "Romeos" is absolutely archaic. Neither is it necessary for them to crane their necks in earnest endeavor to see the mass of gray uniforms arrayed in the balcony of the Presbyterian Church.

Lawn parties are the latest and most picturesque of the Mary Baldwin fads. Witness the fact that the Mary Baldwin College and Seminary girls entertained with a delightful "lawn party" one afternoon in the fall in honor of the S. M. A. corps. The young ladies were charmingly attired in regulation dress—jaunty black coat suits and soft gray hats. The receiving line stood on the lower terrace silently welcoming the long lines of gray-clad, brass-buttoned, saluting cadets. Pictures were taken in actual proof of the astounding event. Incidentally the photographer gave an excellent characterization of "The Bat" as he flitted hither and yon—camera in hand and face obscured by a flowing black cloth. The cadet band furnished the most inspiring of music. Paul Whiteman's best could have furnished no better!

Miss Higgins' Party to Granddaughters



Left to right, first row: B. Goodman, N. Junkin, Miss Higgins (honorary member), C. Beery, E. Woods. Second row: G. Harman, G. Friend, E. Baker, M. Townley, A. J. Wilson. Third row: K. See, M. Penick, A. Harman, L. Pritchett, J. Hunt.



A recent magazine article the president of a prominent college for women stated that in selecting students from among applicants, all other factors being equal, preference was always given to daughters of alumnae. For us at Mary Baldwin this was only a re-statement of a custom which our own Miss Higgins has long had in effect. From the time of her assumption of leadership here, she has seen clearly the importance of recognizing the "old girls' " trust and affection for the school exhibited by sending their own daughters here, as a factor in maintaining tradition. One of her gracious ways of recognition is the custom, which she herself originated at Mary Baldwin, of a yearly reception given in honor of the "granddaughters." Sitting at Miss Higgins' flower-decorated and candle-lighted table and being the object of the school's envy is delightful, but there is a deeper thrill in the thought of being a granddaughter of Mary Baldwin. This year's fortunate sixteen descendents were the recipients of further distinction in being included in the invitation to the Alumnae Luncheon on Miss Baldwin's birthday. Even without extra festivity, however, all must admit with such a leader as Miss Higgins, being a granddaughter is a decided distinction.



The Beau of Bath



THE Dramatic Club entertained the faculty and students with an evening of readings followed by a one-act play, in chapel on Friday evening, December eleventh. The readings were of both serious and humorous nature, well rendered and enthusiastically received by the audience. Among the readers were Lois Schoonover, Jane Robinson, Eleanor Adams, Clara Beery, Gladys Gowen, Mildred Roberts, Laura Hopson and Elsie Gray Hume.

The play, *The Beau of Bath* by Constance D'Arcy Mackay was artistic, both in setting and presentation. The place, the city of Bath; the scene, a room in the Beau's apartment; and the time was Christmas eve, 1750. Margaret Bowen as the Beau (Beau Nash) was splendid in the portrayal of the emotion of the lover of the Portrait Lady, Rebecca Messick. We have rarely seen such beauty on the Mary Baldwin stage as this portrait. Elizabeth Wenger as Jackson, the servant, was clever in her delivery and lent atmosphere. The dream of the Beau was touching when his lady stepped down from her portrait and talked with him of their love. Our only regret was that she returned to her portrayed state instead of remaining the Lady of Reality.

Going Home



WHAT'S wrong with this picture? From the throat of every Mary Baldwinite comes the answer "Nothing! that picture is all right." Look closely and you will find the answer for this enthusiastic response. This group is assembled in a station, and for a group of M. B. C. girls to gather in its best bib and tucker and with a rapt look—caused partly by flashlight, 'tis true—on its face, can mean but one thing: "Going Home."

Home to three glorious, thrilling weeks of Christmas vacation! And the thrill began with departure. After a frantic search tickets were found in one's pocket book, and wits disappeared for momentarily mental derangement occurred as a result of an over injection of joy. Miss Higgins and Mr. King labored desperately to propel fifty scatterbrained maidens each into her home-bound train. The first signs of hardheartedness were exhibited by Mr. King when he tore one damsel from another's embrace with the command that no train is going to wait while "good-byes" are reiterated. Ruthlessly he shoved one young lady into a coach and others into adjoining cars. With the professional "All Aboard," the last girl was resigned to the care of the train officials. For the sake of a farewell kiss not one girl would really miss a home-bound train.

Bluestocking Tea



FOR many years it has been the custom of the BLUESTOCKING Staff to give a Valentine tea, usually carrying out the valentine scheme in the decorations. This year the tea was a decided success in every way. The back gallery was beautiful with the decorations of red and white paper forming a canopy under which the tables were arranged cabaret style with valentines, mats and a red candle on each. Waitresses, with valentine hats and expertly balanced trays laden with food such as we seldom taste, added both color and beauty to the scene as they wound their way among the hungry throng. Frequently during the evening the guests were delightfully entertained by short snatches of talent. Louise Hancock danced with her usual artistic and graceful interpretation, accompanied by Anna Gabriel Young at the piano. Jean Hankins played the piano delightfully throughout the evening, and as always was prodigal with her gift. Margaret Patterson produced a thrill when she appeared as a man, with Marguerite Dumton, lovely in evening dress. They sang several songs, both beautiful and romantic, finding the greatest difficulty in satisfying the demands of the appreciative audience. With a general spirit of good fellowship and cheer came an excellent ending to a happy day.

Recitals



THE courses in music at Mary Baldwin have always held a prominent place due to the thoroughness of the training and the efforts of both teacher and student. In the spring, recitals are given by students and graduates in the various branches of special work. This precedent was established by Miss Baldwin soon after she became principal of the Seminary, on a small scale in comparison with the present one, growing larger each year in accordance with the growth of the Music Department, until it has become one of the most formal affairs of the musical season. Visitors and friends of the students are always present. The student body, dressed in white, marches into the chapel, to the music furnished by the orchestra, under the direction of Professor Wilmar Robert Schmidt.

The programs are usually varied, consisting of piano, violin, voice, expression, and orchestral selections, and are most beneficial to the student body, in developing appreciation of fine arts. They testify as to the hard work that both instructor and student have put into the subject. They also give a chance to show the public with what potential talent the girls are gifted. So the tradition is carried on and recitals will be attended, enjoyed, criticized and delighted in, every spring for years to come.

The Junior - Senior Banquet



THE Junior-Senior Banquet is a custom at Mary Baldwin which took the place of the Seminary Senior Banquet, an annual event, before the full college course was offered. This is the last entertainment of the year among the upper classmen, given in honor of the Senior Class.

This year the banquet was held in the local Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening, April the eighth. The decorations were of pine and daffodils—a bank of which secluded a four-piece orchestra, playing softly during the four courses. Guests other than the Senior Class members were Miss Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss Abbie McFarland, Miss Nancy McFarland, and Miss Volkhardt. Very attractive suede booklets in the '27 colors served as place cards and programs. The toast scheme was as follows:

ELISE GIBSON	<i>Toastmistress</i>
DOROTHY MILLER	<i>Tomte You Belong to Me</i>
MISS HIGGINS	<i>It's Always</i>
MR. KING	<i>I Love the College Girls</i>
MARGUERITE DUNTON	<i>Say Au Revoir, But Not Goodbye</i>
MISS NANCY MCFARLAND	<i>There's a Long, Long Trail</i>
MISS VOLKHART	<i>Perfect Day</i>

The Deacon's Second Wife



E started to laugh when the curtain went up on the first wife and her packing, and hadn't finished when Deacon Barachias gave his former second wife a paternal pat. Things began to happen from the minute Malvina went out with her luggage and didn't stop when she appeared again to the horror of the Bullock family and the bewilderment but satisfaction of Ernest. For of course, that was the biggest achievement anybody performed during that upsetting week, the winning of Kate; even more remarkable than Hartley's discovery that gas is superior to kindling wood, or Dorothy's that one can't depend on the baker. Dorothy probably made good use of all her practical lessons later, for Philip was such a perfect artist that we must suspect him of artistic improvidence also. As to the others, Mrs. Bullock served tea charmingly; John Bullock fumed about stock market and stock-farming; Milton and Nancy consumed doughnuts and giggled; the deacon uttered his mighty laugh; and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Snyder, with their talk of boiled onions, and Malvina, succeeded in upsetting the entire household. It must have been a very trying time for Kate; but Ernest was such a nice hero that she really didn't mind the disclosure so much anyway.

Fascinating Fanny Brown



THE ninth of April was a great day for the Freshmen, for it marked the culmination of their anticipated surprise—the identity of the mysterious “Fanny.” “She” turned out to be a member of the cast of a play called “The Fascinating Fanny Brown,” by Helen F. Bagg, given by the Freshman class and most ably coached by Miss Eleanor Adams. The plot had unexpected and humorous turns including the revenge on her fiancé by conjured up, fictitious characters; uproars caused by an old lady who feared a trailing hypnotist; and more revenge by false accusations. All these complications resulted in excellent opportunities for the young actors to display their talents. Elizabeth Hill, the swaggering young lover, effectively carried out the necessary perplexity and uncertainty. Jane Robinson, Mary Louise Timberlake, and Mildred Bagley were graceful, unassuming young girls, while Jean Lucas surprised all by her natural masculine gestures and speech. Nancy E. Johnson made a very dignified matron, and it was because of what the talkative tongue of Mary Draper said, that we laughed most heartily. And throughout all we were tickled by the amusing maid, Bessie Lewis. At last we know who “Fanny” is, and very fascinating, indeed, she turned out to be!

Tan Trousers



CAST OF CHARACTERS

MILDRED LOEWNER	<i>Mockeater</i>
LOIS WALKER	<i>Tan Trousers</i>
NETTIE JUNKIN	<i>Don Kidni</i>
HELEN STRONG	<i>Marianello</i>
RUTH STONE	<i>Bull Durham</i>
ELIZABETH WENGER AND MARGUERITE DUNTON	<i>Dupe and Dupess</i>
LUELLA TORRENCE	<i>Tellez-Mio</i>
KATHILEEN SULTAN	<i>Dona-Boot-Mio</i>

GRAND OPERA," "A Spanish Tragedy," "Pantalones color de canela"—in other words—"Tan Trousers," written by the Seniors at Agnes Scott College, was presented by the Choral Club on March the twelfth. The eager crowd was enthralled from the time when the curtain rose on a Spanish garden to the last bloody scene. There ensued the desperately tragic tale of the alluring Mockeater, betrothed unwillingly to Don Kidni, the toreador, while her heart is already lost to Tan Trousers, the Americano; and of the bull fight where all the principals suffered death and the spectators go home to their siestas, pestered by the killing! Unanimous approval proclaimed this the cleverest entertainment of the year.

Mr. King - The Man



THERE is so much to say in praise of Mr. King that one hardly knows where to begin. He is not only the very capable business manager of Mary Baldwin for over thirty years, but he renders many acts of service to faculty and students. His cheerful temperament, his kind consideration, endears him to all. It makes us all feel cheerful as we hear him whistling around the campus. He teaches that every girl should marry, but some of us are a little query as to finding such a man as Mr. King. Once, when Miss Higgins quoted all about love to us girls, Mr. King said, "Miss Higgins has stole my thunder, but after all, she *only quoted* all the statements above love, but I can talk about it from *real* experience." Mr. King never forgets a Mary Baldwin girl. He knows every "old girl" who returns to visit us, and takes great pleasure in showing her the school. About thirty-five years ago, Mr. King started the "Red-Headed Club"—the oldest club in the school. Its popularity is attested by its long life. He is very fond of his horse, Princess, and he is a splendid rider. The spirit of exuberance has not left Mr. King—he is still a participant in early morning and moonlight rides. For all that he has done for us and for all which he means to us we thank Mr. King and wish him long life and every happiness in this world!

Calendar

- Sept. 9—Classification.
Sept. 11—Dance in gym.
Sept. 18—Old Girl-New Girl dance.
Sept. 20—BLUESTOCKING Tea.
Sept. 29—Agnes Braxton's wedding.
Oct. 4—Miss Baldwin's birthday; Alumnae Luncheon; visit of Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Snodgrass.
Oct. 9—BLUESTOCKING Tea.
Oct. 11—Spanish Club organized.
Oct. 16—New Girl-Old Girl dance.
Oct. 19—French Club organized.
Oct. 21—Gray hats came.
Oct. 23—Fashion Show.
Oct. 23—Sophomore-Senior trip.
Oct. 28—Y. W. C. A. Committee party.
Oct. 29—Tea at Presbyterian Church; Ruth Draper.
Oct. 30—Sock and Buskin's Hallowe'en Party.
Nov. 2—Holiday!
Nov. 5—Organ Recital.
Nov. 6—*Miscellany* Plays; first Hockey game.
Nov. 12—Miss Simmerman.
Nov. 13—Second Hockey game; Cotillion dance; Kid party.
Nov. 15—Sophomore Tea.
Nov. 17—Dorothy Morris' wedding.
Nov. 18—Pageant Y. W. C. A.
Nov. 19—Junior-Freshmen Tea; Miss Cox's and Miss Rhodes' recital.
Nov. 20—Movie dance in gym.
Nov. 22—S. M. A.-M. B. C. pictures.
Nov. 25—Thanksgiving Basketball game; Senior play "The Deacon's Second Wife."
Nov. 27—Sophomore Circus.
Nov. 30—Psychology Club organized.
Nov. —Freshman Tea for faculty.
Dec. 1—Cabinet-Council party.

Dec. 2—Miss Higgins' dinner to "granddaughters."
 Dec. 2—Alumnae Bazaar.
 Dec. 3—Basketball game.
 Dec. 4—Manless Wedding; BLUESTOCKING Staff.
 Dec. 8—Tickets to go home reserved.
 Dec. 9—Third Basketball game.
 Dec. 11—Expression Plays and Recital.
 Dec. 13—Paid for tickets.
 Dec. 15—Used tickets.
 Jan. 5—Returned and hard at work.
 Jan. 6—Miss Fraser's funeral.
 Jan. 8—Peanut Club founded.
 Jan. 11—Exam. Schedule posted.
 Jan. 14—Dr. Brown, of W. & L., lectured to Psychology Club.
 Jan. 15—"Ben Hur."
 Jan. 22—"Peanuts" disclosed.
 Jan. 24-28—Exams.
 Feb. 2—Council-Cabinet entertainment.
 Feb. 3—Dr. Spear of Oxford University Press.
 Feb. 5—Apache dance.
 Feb. 8—"The Bat."
 Feb. 12—Back Gallery BLUESTOCKING Tea.
 Feb. 14—Cotillion dance.
 Feb. 15—Council Basketball Squad party.
 Feb. 22—Movies and Tea.
 Feb. 28—Senior Prep. banquet.
 March 5—Prof. Schmidt's Piano, Violin, Orchestra Recital.
 March 6—Dunton-Loewner Voice Recital.
 March 11—Edgar A. Guest.
 March 12—"Tan Trousers."
 March 18—Superintendent Shelbourne Addresses Psychology Club.
 April 9—Who is Fanny?—by the Freshman class.
 April 15—Prof. Manahan Addresses Psychology Club.
 April 21—Mr. King's Reception to the School.

Statistics

*Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know*

Ode on a Grecian Urn: KEATS.





ELEANOR DANIEL
Beauty Section—Selected by Editors



LOIS WALKER
Beauty Section—Selected by Editors

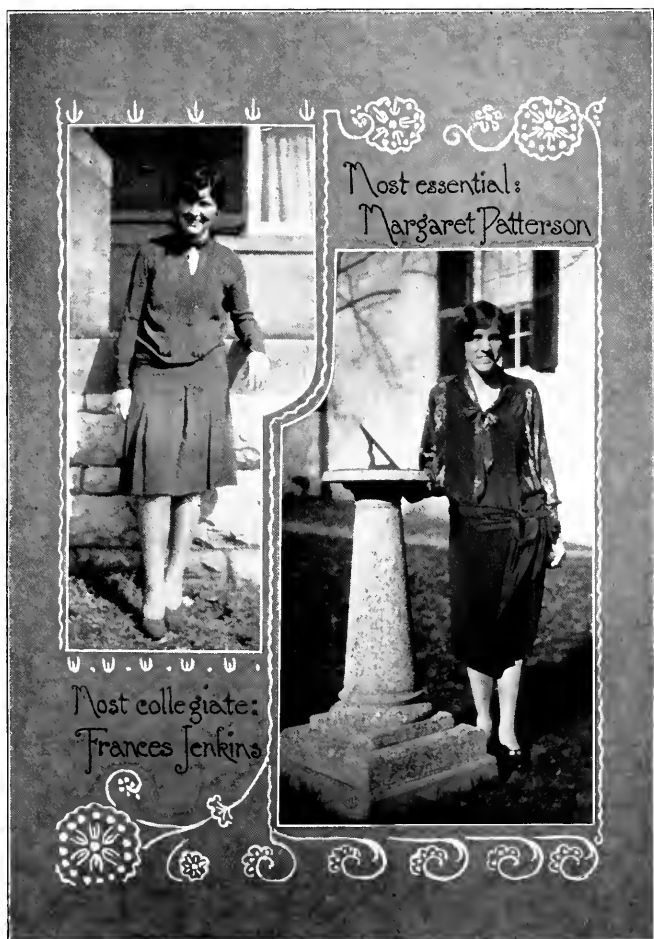


Most popular
day student :
Dorothy Curry

Dedicated
to
Fame :
Katharine See.



STATISTICS



STATISTICS

Statistics

AFTER BABSON

THE STUDENT VOTE

THE BLUESTOCKING VOTE

Most musical	Jean Hankins	The black cat
Most brilliant	Katharine See	Study hall lights
Most exclusive	Katherine Macdonald	Drug store
Most studious	Judith Gordon	Study hall 7-9 p. m.
Most talented	Louise Hancock	Practice hall
Most fashionable	Nancy Day	Uniform hats
Most popular	Lois Walker	Mails
Most dependable	Margaret Patterson	Heat in Memorial
Best natured	Florence Bantley	Horse in gym.
Best leader	Margaret Patterson	<i>Staunton News</i>
Most persistent	Caroline Wood	Bells
Most original	Katharine See	Table talk
Wittiest	Helen Strong	College Humor
Hardest worker	Nettie Junkin	Ivory soap
Most punctual	Effie Anderson	Big Ben
Best all around	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> Mildred Moore Margaret Patterson </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 2em;">}</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Covered way</div> </div>	
Best Pal	Lydia Jordan	Bed
Reformer	Nettie Junkin	Demerit hall
Cutest	Martha McDavid	Ham and Jam
Most interesting	Lois Walker	Text books
Best read	Katharine See	Bulletin board
Most artistic	Elizabeth Hill	Theatre line
Most prominent	Maurine Tully	Cake store
Most athletic	Mildred Moore	Vietrolas

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN,

*The old moon laughed and said,
As they rocked in the wooden boat,*

— Wynken, Blynken, a rascal!





Jokes



INTELLIGENCE TEST FOR WHOZIT INSTITUTE

1. How far up a river is a bridge?
 2. Which way is a general direction?
 3. Whose army does private business belong to?
 4. Where does your lap go when you stand up?
 5. Which hand do you stir your coffee with? Didn't you ever try a spoon?
 6. Why is a night-watchman?
 7. What do Officers of the Day do at night? Without a doubt? Who told you?
 8. If you feed a hen carpet tacks, would she lay a carpet?
 9. Where does a light go when it goes out? Sure enough?
 10. Where is your wandering beau tonight? You don't mean it?
- Answer any ten.

SENSATIONS

Forgotten—That feeling you have when mail comes up and your name isn't called.

Folorn—"Judy," when parting with Lottie.

Anticipation—The feeling you have at mail call in the court.

Hunger—The constant, persistent sensation.

Depressed—When you hear your name on demerit list.

M. TROTTER (to M. Tully): You know what? Beck White is so daffy over horses that she rooms with a "Trotter."

PAT: Oh, my goodness, I'm tired.

K. SEE: Oh, well, you haven't got much, so that isn't a bad swear word.

MISS PRICE: Where's Elizabeth Smith today?

C. WOOD: Oh, she has a week-end!

DEFINITION OF AN AFFECTIONATE PIE

The top crust is so stuck to the bottom that you can't get anything between.





MABEL (to good-intentioned cadet): What's your name, Cutie?

G. I. C. (hesitatingly): Oh, gwan, you're not going to put me on any of those mailing lists.

H. BEDINGER: I had two dishes of ice-cream at dinner.

E. GIBSON: You know what I think you are.

H. BEDINGER: Same thing you'd be if you could get them.

Miss P.: Tell Dorothy to come to the meeting tomorrow night and bring all the rough jokes.

When we see Effie going to the dining room, first bell's about to ring.

When we see M. Scott going to the dining room, second bell's about to ring.

When you see Eleanor Adams it's about time for door to shut.

When you see Frances Bondurant—door has just shut And—

When you see Joe Symons—the meal's half finished.

MISS BOATFIELD (discussing how royalty of medieval times married beneath their stations): And when Henry IV came home from the war, he married a lady of no birth at all.

When offering a prize for school song, someone suggested "Jingle Bells."

C. BEERY (at Board): And now let us have approximately four figures draped on step.

E. GIBSON: How do you approximate figures?

Miss B.: Tell us, Miss McQuiston, of the character of Henry VI?

ALICE MCQ. (after deep meditation): Oh, he was fat and bald-headed!

Miss B. (to classes, after sale of Eskimo pies in court): I see you're all late today. I suppose you've been on a polar expedition.



College Broadened Her

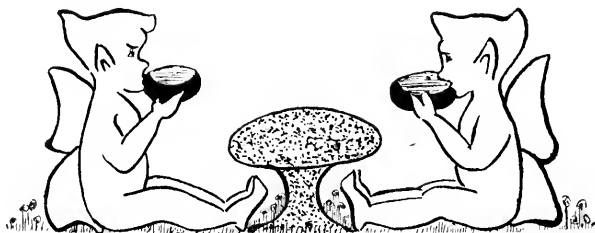


SCHOOL AUTO

Headlights, Mr. King and Mr. Naill; Muffler, N. Junkin; Bumper, Miss Williamson; Accelerator, M. Jenkins; Balloon Tires, R. Stone, E. Anderson, Margaret Campbell, D. Hale; Steering Wheel, Miss Higgins; Cut-out, L. Walker; Horn, J. Rockwell; Red Tail Light, Jean Lucas.

FIRST SENIOR: I've bought some mushrooms, but I'm afraid they might be toadstools. Can you tell me how to tell the difference?

SECOND SENIOR: Don't worry. Simply cook and eat them. If they're toadstools you'll never know the difference.



N. E. JOHNSON: Do you know I only got "E" on swimming!

H. LEWIS: Huh, almost sunk, didn't you?

D. DYER (holding picture in front of her): Now there isn't very much in this picture, but there's something very fine behind it.

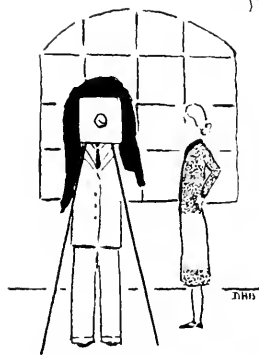
"Isn't 'Babo' a nut?"

"No, she's a Hull!"

Within this desk, now put to rest
Are the books of Kathleen hid.
She went to every meal while here;
That's all she ever did.

MARY BALDWIN'S 57 VARIETIES

Baker's Cocoa
Baldwin Pianos
Unguentine for Burns
Jewels by Caldwell
Campbell's Soup
Graham Crackers
Hankins' Peanuts
Haynes Underwear
Higgins' India Ink
Hood Tires
Johnson's Floor Wax
Miller Tires
Moore Push-pins
McClure's Magazine
Fig Newtons
Penick Brer Rabbit Molasses
Price's Vanilla
Kalston's Whole Wheat Cereal
Richardson Roofing
Smith Brothers Cough-drops
Stewart Iron Works
Strauss Investment Bonds
Johnnie Walker Cigarettes
Watson Stabilators
West's Tooth Brush
William's Shaving Cream
Wilson's Certified Hams
White Trucks
Young's Poultry Houses

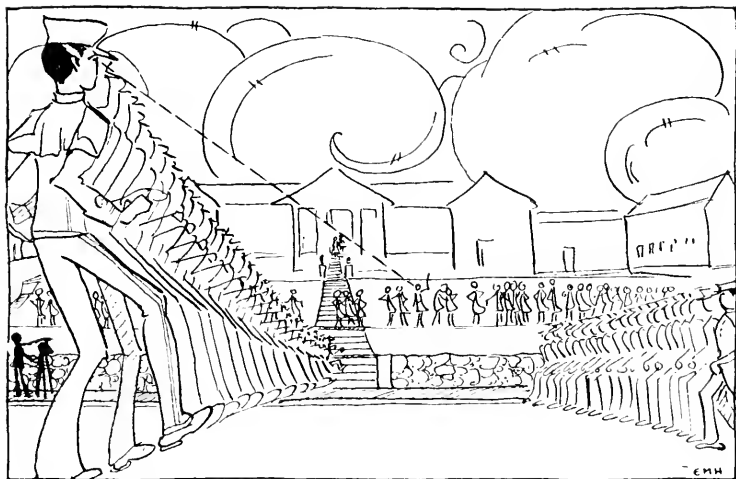


What Price Pictures?

At a recent meeting of the Kill Kare Klub the following topics were eagerly debated by those present: "Resolved, that married men make better husbands than single men." "Resolved, that marriages are causes for all divorces." "Resolved, that Santa Claus comes down the chimney." "Resolved, that Mary Baldwin girls are allowed too much freedom."

MISS PRICE (at board drawing diagram of brain): Now if I had a brain I could show you.

MISS HAMMOND (to chemistry class): And now let us turn to steam and look in our appendix for the definite pages.



FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

History repeats itself (very often). Nancy Day's trip to Europe.

"There's one place you can run around here and still get somewhere."

"I bite?"

"Chapel steps."



THE PERFECT GIRL

The perfect girl would have—

Eleanor Adams' hair;

Eleanor Daniel's eyes;

Laura McAlister's eyelashes;

Nancy Day's figure;

Marguerite Dunton's voice;

Mary Terrell's chic;

Corinne Daniel's individuality;

Martha McDavid's daintiness;

Mabel Heneberger's dancing ability;

Mildred Moore's all-round sportsmanship;

Miss Morse's knowledge of food;

Miss Gertrude Edmondson's sweetness;

Florence Bantley's ever-ready wit;

Jane Robinson's cuteness;

Miss Higgins' executive ability;

Margaret Patterson's Mary Baldwin Spirit.

MISS CAMPBELL: Corinne, you have such beautiful hair. What do you do with it at night?

BETTY W. (prettily): You take it off, don't you, Corinne?

Miss Boatfield says that the aim of her History I class on exams was to put down all information whether asked for or not. Aspiring classes!!

From a History I paper: "Chivalry was an institution which increased the needs and desires of the ages."

"*Me pascunt olivae*," according to Mildred Bagley, in Latin II, means "Me for the olive."

Height of Politeness: To go to your own closet door and knock.

At staff meeting, discussing possible covers for annual—D. Dyer: "And now let's all vote on our back."

INDUCTIVE REASONING

Marriage is an institution.

Marriage is love.

Love is blind.

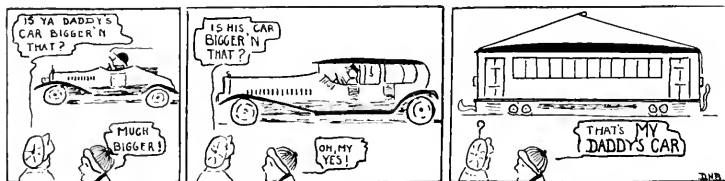
Therefore—Marriage is an institution for the blind.

—Exchange.

SINGLE M. (at end of dramatic speech in English I): And so, Joan of Arc was the mother of her country, as George Washington was of his.

BEAUTY HINT

Beauty is now a buy-product.



MISS BOATFIELD (seeing girl with combs in her hair on the afternoon of a funeral): Really, I didn't think that a funeral required all that; but I suppose that even for a dead man a woman must do her best.

MISS HARRIS (to M. Bowen): Margaret, you run upstairs and find out what that new Campbell's church complexion is.

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Miss C. (Art Teacher): Have you anything new on China?

Miss S.: Yes (searching through missionaries): I see here where there was an awful massacre there last month.
—BLUESTOCKING—1900.



TEACHER: What is an epic poem?

J. B.: An epic poem has a hero and he is *generally* a man.
—BLUESTOCKING 1902.

E. T.: I saw the recumbent statue of Lee while I was in Lexington.

O. T.: Was he on horseback?

—BLUESTOCKING—1904.

Miss Hull remarked that curly-haired people have most sense, whereupon Marie innocently inquired: "Miss H., do you use curling irons?"

—BLUESTOCKING—1905.

M. B. S.—Exiles fed on hope.

—BLUESTOCKING—1906.

J. N.: Who is that play by, anyway?

E. S. (turning to the last page): It is by Falls—Curtain Falls. Queer name, isn't it?

—BLUESTOCKING—1908.

ARITHMETIC

There are six girls in an inside Memorial room. The S. M. A. band is heard passing by—how many girls are left in room?

Ans: None.

—BLUESTOCKING—1910.

WANTS

WANTED—Good Painters.—Mr. King.

WANTED—A rest.—The Editors.

WANTED—A vocabulary.—The German Table.

—BLUESTOCKING—1911.

Miss WILLIAMSON (taking some girls through the University): "These girls wish to see Poe's room. May I take them in?"

JANITOR (looking at closed door): I don't believe he's in right now, ma'am.

—BLUESTOCKING—1915.

NEW GIRL: Miss H., may I go in your church section?

Miss H.: To what denomination do you belong?

NEW GIRL: I don't know. I was in the Infirmary last Sunday.

—BLUESTOCKING—1916.

NOTICE!

Hereafter, notice will be given in advance when there will be an absence of teachers at Study Hall, in order that the girls may plan other amusements.

—BLUESTOCKING—1917.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HINTS

M. S.: Open the window and throw your chest out.

—BLUESTOCKING—1920.

L. H. (who had been waiting on E. P. to fix her hair): Elsie, you know what you remind me of?—the back of a watch.

E. P. (with a puzzled look on her face): Why?

L. H.: Because you are always behind time.

—BLUESTOCKING—1921.

E. G.: Dot, what do you call Dr. —?

D. C.: I call him Dr. —.

E. G.: Why don't you call him Guy?

D. C.: I don't know him well enough for that.

E. G.: I bet you'll marry him some day."

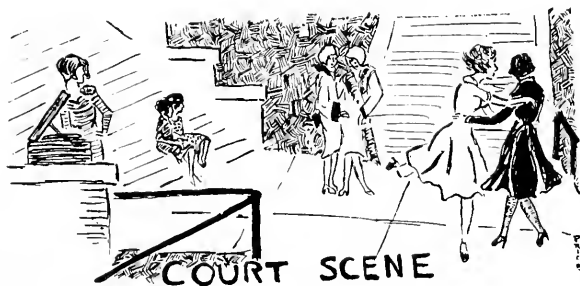
D. C.: Oh, no, no!

E. G.: Why not?

D. C.: Oh, I know him too well.

Miss S. (making assignment to class in English drama): Now, girls, after you finish with Pinero you may read all the Wilde (wild??) plays you can get hold of.

H. BEDINGER: We can't take that picture with the kodak facing the sun—not even a man could do that!



BOZO: Mary, are you going to hear Edgar Guest?

MARY: Of course not! He's the "poet of the plain people"!

MISS STUART (discussing Russian Drama): And now that we've finished Tolstoy's *Redemption*, I'll have to hurry on to *The Lower Depths*.



GIRLS AT SPANISH TABLE: "Si, si"—
we wonder if Miss Campbell doesn't get si-
sick?

"Habla en Español" means "Let your
conscience be your guide."

More truth than poetry.

DEDICATED TO DEMERIT HALL

The night was dark and dreary,

The morning was the same—

And I was late to breakfast,

Tell me, was I to blame?

When I rolled out of bed

I had but a minute of grace—

But oh, Miss Meyer, how could I go

Without first washing my face?

That letter we didn't forget to "write
home to Mother"—

Dear Ma:

How's Pa?

Send money,

Rah! Rah!

"'Tis better to give than to receive," said Miss Bear as she poured out the castor oil for her patient.

LOIS WALKER: Oh, I sent off for the cutest pair of shoes, and they're called "Lois."

MARTHA H.: Are they Walkers?

MRS. BLACK (discussing Protestantism and Catholicism during Middle Ages):
Are all you girls in this class Protestants?

All hands go up except Bess N.

MRS. B.: Why, Bess, I didn't know you were a Catholic.

BESS N.: No, ma'am—I'm a Presbyterian.

In quoting Ladd and Wordsworth (L. & W.) on a psychology test, Marjorie T. wrote: "Reference 'W. and L.'" This shows the *force* of habit!

If a fish is hungry, he can't always get something to eat, but he can always get a drink.



MISS HIGGINS (on rainy Sunday): All girls with thin soles will go to the Presbyterian Church this morning.

ALSO

MISS H. (when girls are practicing in chapel): Now after the circus benches are full these girls will see that the others are seated on the floor.

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.

Hamrick and Co. bought a new hearse, and everyone is dying to ride in it.

E. RICHARDSON: What's this?

KAY: That's petrified wood.

E. R.: Oh, what scared it?

NANCY C. (to Miriam): Miriam, how often does the *Atlantic Monthly* come out?

IN MAIL ROOM

Miss W. (inspecting letter with "Deke House" on back as return address): Betty, who is this Dick House you write to? Is he on your list?



MISS HARRIS: Ah-Ha, didn't write your lesson!

JENNIE HUNT: Tee-Hee, lost my pencil.

MISS HARRIS: Boo-Hoo, ten demerits!

You can drive a horse to water, but a permit must be had.

HOSTESS (to Miss P., who is out for a Sunday night supper): Do taste this sorghum; it's home-made.

MISS P.: Oh, I didn't know you raised cane here.

VISITOR (at home of Smith): What a funny name? Why do you call your son "Sunflower"?

MR. SMITH: Well, you watch him next time he sees that Torrence girl. He turns his head toward her every time.

Dear Miss Daniels:

I always send the enclosed questionnaire to *all* my prospective wives. Kindly complete fully and return to this office not later than nine o'clock next week.

Respectfully,

WALTER GRANGER.

INQUIRY DEPARTMENT
QUESTIONNAIRE FOR PROSPECTIVE WIVES

1. What is your full name? (Important!)
2. Do you snore?
3. Do you talk in your sleep? (In detail).
4. If married, how many nights out would you allow your better half?
No more than that?
5. What is the least amount you can get along on for pin money?
Now wouldn't about half of that do?
6. Will you expect your husband to play bridge with you?
If so, can you tell the difference between spades and trumps?
7. Do you know what an alarm clock is?
Have you any other implement of torture?
8. If you ever take a notion to "go home to mother," have you sufficient railroad fare and back?
9. Have you any friends of the male species who live within 100 miles of here?
Do they object to being shot?
Half-shot?
10. Can you mend socks? Wholly? Holy?

M. B. SIGNS OF SPRING

Rope-jumping
Roller Skating
Dancing in the Court
Shine
Plain Jane Checks

THOUGHTS OF THE SUBLIME, WHILE THE RIDICULOUS
IS BEING UTTERED

Really, Betty, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to see you again for the week-end. Betty, I've something to eat; Betty, chicken-salad, won't you please listen. Honestly, my chocolate éclair, you are the turkey of my heart. I'll artichoke you, if you don't say tomatoes and lettuce. I adore chocolate ice-cream sodas, and you know I love creamed Irish potatoes. Say that you'll ham and Russian dressing, my own little hard-boiled egg. But gosh, waffles and syrup, you won't even notice me, so come on, let's go to Huyler's.



MARY BALDWIN ALPHABET

- A—Applesauce—Eve's stumbling block badly crushed. Also the proper answer for nearly any question imaginable.
- B—Bourgeoise. Pronounced Boozewash. Analagous to the standing of a horsefly in tomato soup.
- C—Campbell's tometto zoup. Nature's own remedy for a good appetite.
- D—Dam—to hold back. Often used when unable to hold back.
- E—Egg—Cackle-fruit. A term applied to most any two-legged animal who's nice.
- F—Fashion. Why girls go to school. Also what makes skirts longer or shorter.
- G—Girls—why men leave home . . . and return.
- H—Hilltoppers . . . where many are cold but few are frozen.
- I—Intelligence—name for this test ; also similar to X, the unknown quantity.
- J—Jazz—the thing that everything from corns to flat tires are blamed on this day and time.
- K—Kiss—The reason for tulips.
- L—Lessons. Never to be taken seriously. One should be careful that they never interfere with your college education.
- M—Mother—the reason most girls go to school.
- N—No—Sometimes means yes.
- O—Oodles—anything over plenty.
- P—Peanut—Exercise in the ways to treat an affinity.
- Q—Quake—Caused by an eruption of earth's surface or a call to the dean's office.
- R—Rats—Absolute nonenities.
- S—Soap—The only thing ever used to clean up at M. B. C.
- T—Talk—Cheap in all cases except in an encounter with a speed cop.
- U—Universities—Institutions for the edification of saxaphone players-to-be.
- V—Virginia—One of the states M. B. C. is in.
- W—Willies—What you get when there's nothing else to get.
- X—Xerxes—A king when the jack didn't mean so much.
- Y—Yoohoo—Meaning "Where'd you get that hat?"
- Z—Zatso—Meaning "Sho' 'nuff?"
- &—That and then some.



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 Crafton, Catharine Elizabeth 114 Fayette Street, Staunton, Va.
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WITHOUT the loyal assistance and support of Miss Price, Miss Meyer, Miss Strauss, and Mr. Shultz (of the McClure Company), and their willingness to give their time and very helpful suggestions, this 1927 BLUE-STOCKING could never have been the success we hope it is. Therefore, we take this opportunity to express to them our sincere appreciation of the assistance they have given us. Also do we want to thank the student body for the very substantial and ardent manner it has rallied—throughout the year—to the cause of THE BLUESTOCKING, while the faithful and hard-working staff was engaged in the not too easy task of compiling the book.

—THE EDITOR.

AFTERWORD



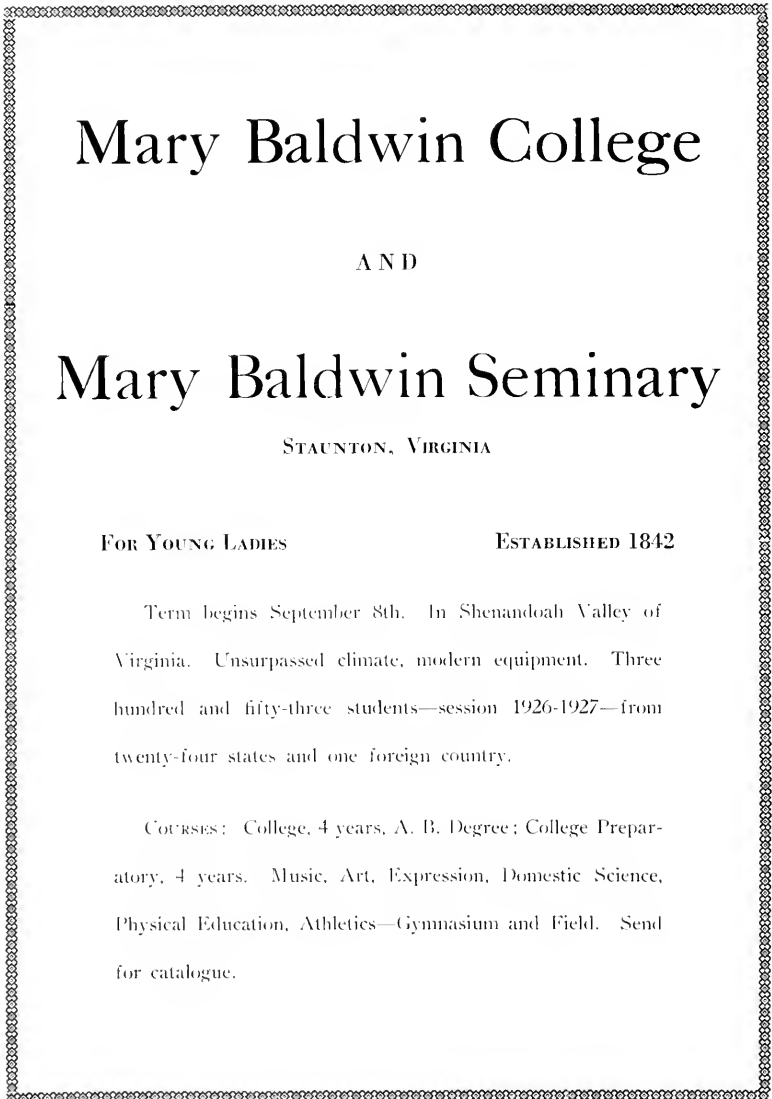
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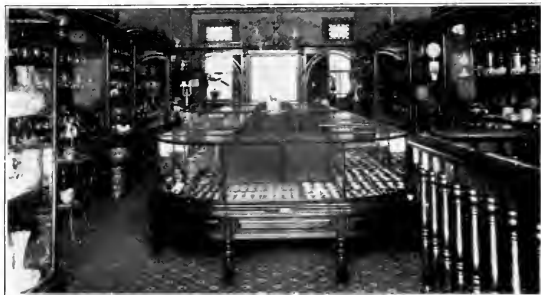
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JUNE 30, 1926

Resources

Loans and Investments.....	\$842,877.97
U. S. Bonds	81,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	20,128.63
Cash on hand	30,389.13
Due from Banks.....	128,544.84
	<hr/>
	\$1,072,551.44

Liabilities

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	72,372.18
Dividend July 1, 1926	5,000.00
Circulating Notes	81,000.00
Rediscounts	134,250.00
Deposits	679,929.26
	<hr/>
	\$1,072,551.44

3 Per Cent. Interest paid in Savings

B. E. Vaughan, *President*
E. W. Randolph, *Cashier*
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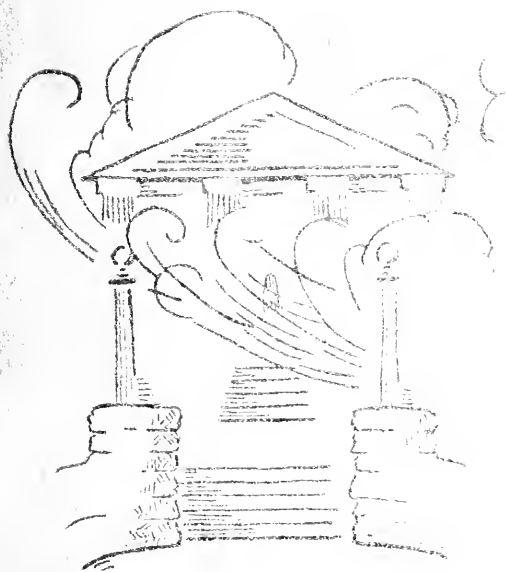
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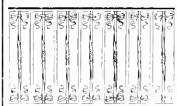
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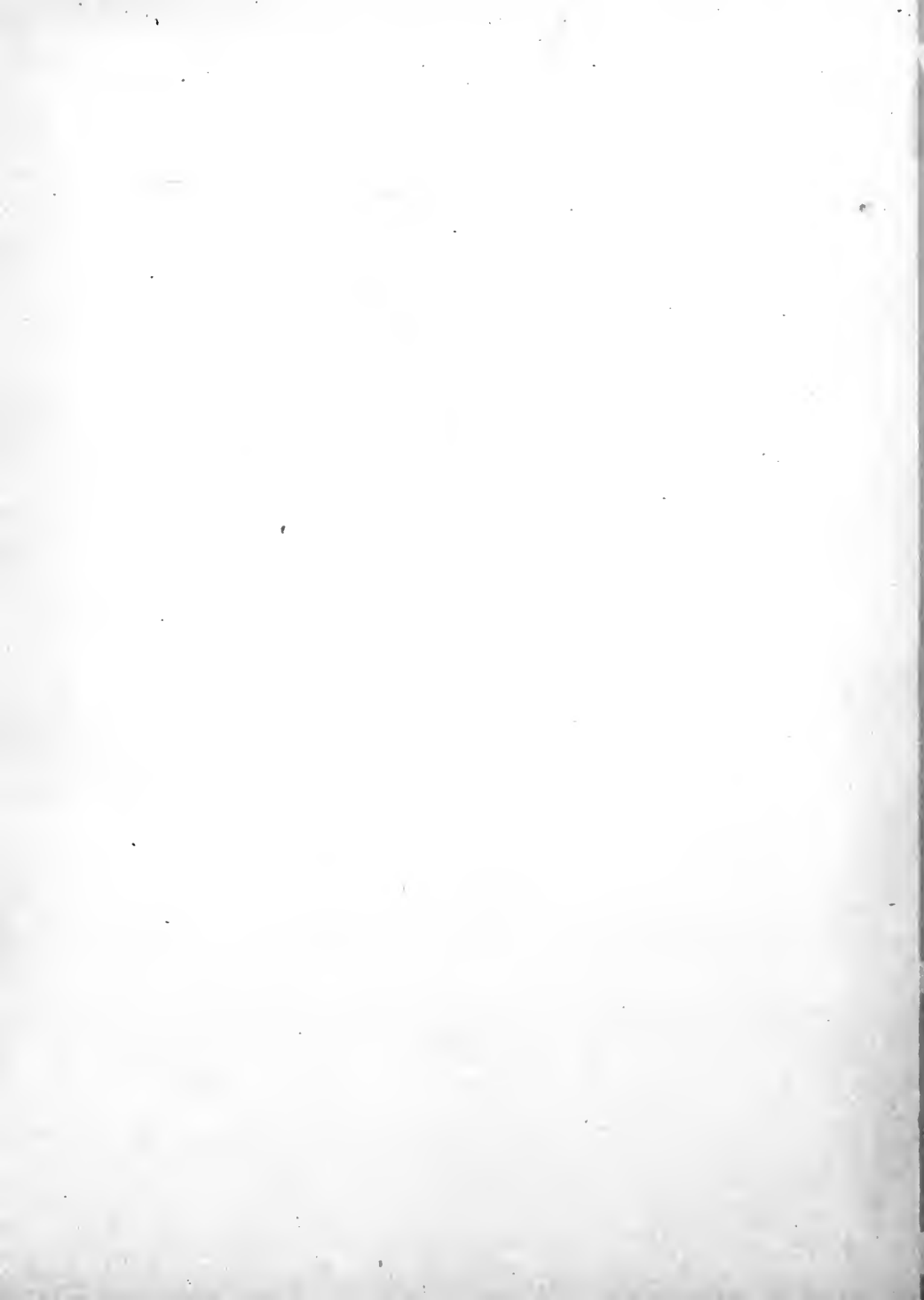
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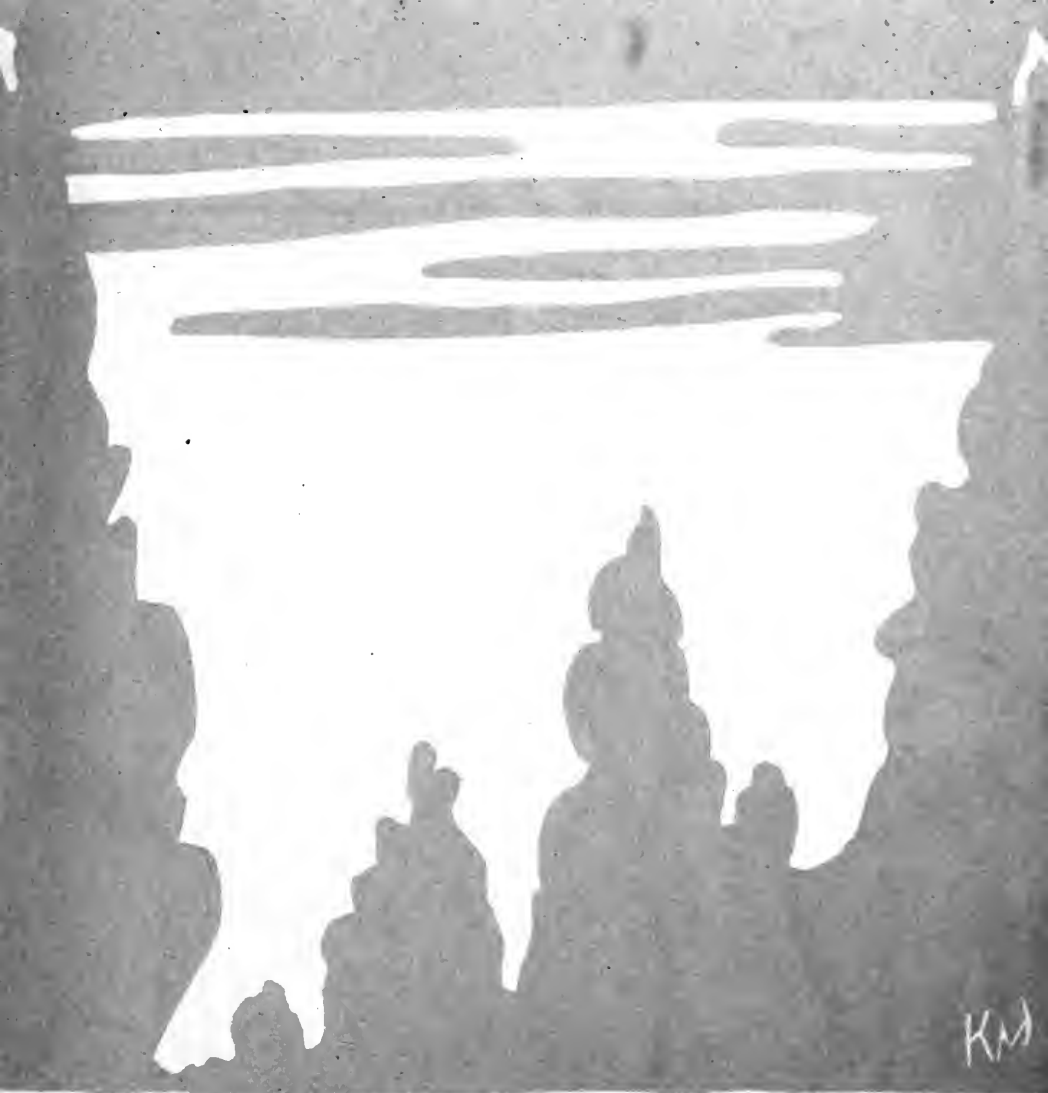


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